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BOOKS BRING ME FRIENDS  
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SOLACE OF SOLITUDE-  
BONDS OF SOCIETY

**COLERIDGE (Samuel Taylor) Poems on Various**

**Subjects.** *First edition, 6½ by 3¼ ins., bound in full green morocco, by Riviere, g.e. 1796. A choice copy, complete with half-title, List of Errata, and the second advertisements of "The Watchman," "Conciones Ad Populum," and "A Protest Against Certain Bills" £180*





BOOKS BRING ME FRIENDS  
WHERE'ER ON EARTH I BE,  
SOLACE OF SOLITUDE-  
BONDS OF SOCIETY



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POEMS  
*ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS,*  
BY  
S. T. COLERIDGE,  
*LATE*  
OF JESUS COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.





POEMS  
ON  
VARIOUS SUBJECTS,

BY

*S. T. COLERIDGE,*

LATE OF JESUS COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

Felix curarum, cui non Heliconia cordi  
Serta, nec imbelles Parnassi e vertice laurus !  
Sed viget ingenium, et magnos accinctus in usus  
Fert animus quascunque vices.— Nos tristia vitæ  
Solamur cantu.

STAT. SILV. Lib. iv. 4.

*L O N D O N :*

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1796.



## P R E F A C E.



**P**OEMS ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS written at different times and prompted by very different feelings ; but which will be read at one time and under the influence of one set of feelings — this is an heavy disadvantage : for we love or admire a poet in proportion as he developes our own sentiments and emotions, or reminds us of our own knowledge.

Compositions resembling those of the present volume are not unfrequently condemned for their querulous egotism. But egotism is to be condemned then only when it offends against time and place, as in an History or an Epic Poem. To censure it in a Mo-

nody or Sonnet is almost as absurd as to dislike a circle for being round. Why then write Sonnets or Monodies ? Because they give me pleasure when perhaps nothing else could. After the more violent emotions of Sorrow, the mind demands solace and can find it in employment alone; but full of its late sufferings it can endure no employment not connected with those sufferings. Forcibly to turn away our attention to other subjects is a painful and in general an unavailing effort.

“ But O how grateful to a wounded heart

The tale of misery to impart ;

From others eyes bid artless sorrows flow

And raise esteem upon the base of woe !”

The communicativeness of our nature leads us to describe our own sorrows; in the endeavor to describe them intellectual activity is exerted; and by a benevolent law of our nature from intellectual activity a pleasure results which is gradually associated and mingles as a corrective with the painful subject of the description. True! it may be answered, but how are the PUBLIC interested in your sorrows or your description? We are for ever attributing a personal unity to imaginary aggregates. What is the PUBLIC but a term for a number of scattered individuals of whom as many will be interested in these sorrows as have experienced the same or similar?

“ Holy be the Lay,  
Which mourning soothes the mourner on his way !”

There is one species of egotism which is truly disgusting; not that which leads us to communicate our feelings to others, but that which would reduce the feelings of others to an identity with our own. The Atheist, who exclaims "pshaw!" when he glances his eye on the praises of Deity, is an Egotist; an old man, when he speaks contemptuously of love-verses, is an Egotist; and your sleek favorites of Fortune are Egotists, when they condemn all "melancholy discontented" verses.

Surely it would be candid not merely to ask whether the Poem pleases ourselves, but to consider whether or no there may not be others to whom it is well-calculated to give an innocent pleasure. With what anxiety every fashionable author avoids the

word *I!* — now he transforms himself into a third person, — “the present writer” — now multiplies himself and swells into “*we*” — and all this is the watchfulness of guilt. Conscious that this said *I* is perpetually intruding on his mind and that it monopolizes his heart, he is prudishly solicitous that it may not escape from his lips.

This disinterestedness of phrase is in general commensurate with selfishness of feeling: men old and hackneyed in the ways of the world are scrupulous avoiders of Egotism.

Of the following Poems a considerable number are styled “Effusions,” in defiance of Churchill’s line

“Effusion on Effusion *pour* away.”

I could recollect no title more descriptive of the manner and matter of the Poems — I might indeed have called the majority of them Sonnets — but they do not possess that *oneness* of thought which I deem indispensable in a Sonnet — and (not a very honorable motive perhaps) I was fearful that the title “Sonnet” might have reminded my reader of the Poems of the Rev. W. L. Bowles — a comparison with whom would have sunk me below that mediocrity, on the surface of which I am at present enabled to float.

Some of the verses allude to an intended emigration to America on the scheme of an abandonment of individual property

The Effusions signed C. L. were written by Mr. CHARLES LAMB, of the India House—independently of the signature their superior merit would have sufficiently distinguished them. For the rough sketch of Effusion XVI. I am indebted to Mr. FAVELL. And the first half of Effusion XV. was written by the Author of “Joan of Arc,” an Epic Poem.





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# MONODY

ON THE

DEATH OF CHATTERTON.

---

WHEN faint and sad o'er Sorrow's desert wild  
Slow journeys onward poor Misfortune's child ;  
When fades each lovely form by Fancy drest,  
And inly pines the self-consuming breast ;  
No scourge of scorpions in thy right arm dread,  
No helmed terrors nodding o'er thy head,

B

Affume, O DEATH! the cherub wings of PEACE,  
And bid the heart-sick Wanderer's anguish cease!

Thee, CHATTERTON! yon unblest stones protect  
From Want, and the bleak Freezings of neglect!  
Escap'd the fore wounds of Affliction's rod  
Meek at the Throne of Mercy, and of God,  
Perchance, thou raisest high th' enraptur'd hymn  
Amid the blaze of Seraphim!

Yet oft ('tis nature's bosom-startling call)  
I weep, that heaven-born Genius *ſo* should fall;  
And oft, in Fancy's saddest hour, my soul  
Averted shudders at the poison'd bowl.  
Now groans my sickening heart, as still I view  
Thy corse of livid hue;

And now a flash of indignation high  
Darts thro' the tear, that glistens in mine eye!

Is this the land of song-ennobled line?  
Is this the land, where Genius ne'er in vain  
Pour'd forth his lofty strain?

Ah me! yet SPENSER, gentlest bard divine,  
Beneath chill Disappointment's shade,  
His weary limbs in lonely anguish lay'd  
And o'er her darling dead

PITY hopeless hung her head,  
While "mid the pelting of that merciless storm,"  
Sunk to the cold earth OTWAY's famish'd form!

Sublime of thought, and confident of fame,  
From vales where Avon winds the MINSTREL\* came.

Light-hearted youth! aye, as he hastes along,

He meditates the future song,

How dauntless Ælla fray'd the Dacyan foes;

And, as floating high in air

Glitter the funny visions fair,

His eyes dance rapture, and his bosom glows!

Friend to the friendless, to the sick man health,

With generous joy he views th' *ideal* wealth;

He hears the widow's heaven-breath'd prayer of praise

He marks the shelter'd orphan's tearful gaze;

Or, where the sorrow-shrivell'd captive lay,

Pours the bright blaze of Freedom's noon-tide ray:

And now, indignant, "grasps the patriot steel,"

And her own iron rod he makes Oppression feel.

\* Avon, a river near Bristol; the birth place of Chatterton

Clad in Nature's rich array,  
And bright in all her tender hues,  
Sweet tree of Hope! thou loveliest child of Spring!  
How fair didst thou disclose thine early bloom,  
Loading the west-winds with its soft perfume!  
And Fancy, elfin form of gorgeous wing,  
On every blossom hung her fostering dew,  
That, changeful, wanton'd to the orient day!  
But soon upon thy poor unsheltered head  
Did Penury her sickly mildew shed:  
And soon the scathing Lightning bade thee stand  
In frowning horror o'er the blighted land!  
  
Ah! where are fled the charms of vernal Grace,  
And Joy's wild gleams, that lighten'd o'er thy face?

YOUTH of tumultuous soul, and haggard eye !  
Thy waisted form, thy hurried steps I view,  
On thy cold forehead starts the anguish'd dew :  
And dreadful was that bosom-rending sigh !

Such were the struggles of the gloomy hour,  
When CARE, of wither'd brow,  
Prepar'd the poison's death-cold power :  
Already to thy lips was rais'd the bowl,  
When near thee stood AFFECTION meek  
(Her bosom bare, and wildly pale her cheek)  
Thy fullen gaze she bade thee roll  
On scenes that well might melt thy soul ;  
Thy native cot she flash'd upon thy view,  
Thy native cot, where still, at close of day,  
PEACE smiling fate, and listen'd to thy lay ;

Thy Sister's shrieks she bade thee hear,

And mark thy Mother's thrilling tear ;

See, see her breast's convulsive throe,

Her silent agony of woe !

Ah ! dash the poison'd chalice from thy hand !

And thou had'st dash'd it, at her soft command.

But that DESPAIR and INDIGNATION rose,

And told again the story of thy woes ;

Told the keen insult of th' unfeeling heart ;

The dread dependence on the low-born mind ;

Told every pang, with which thy soul must smart,

Neglect, and grinning Scorn, and Want combin'd !

Recoiling quick, thou bad'st the friend of pain

Roll the black tide of Death thro' every freezing vein !

Ye woods ! that wave o'er Avon's rocky steep,  
To Fancy's ear sweet is your murm'ring deep !  
For *here* she loves the cypress wreath to weave ;  
Watching, with wistful eye, the sad'ning tints of eve.  
Here, far from men, amid this pathless grove,  
In solemn thought the Minstrel wont to rove,  
Like star-beam on the flow sequester'd tide  
Lone-glittering, thro' the high tree branching wide.  
And here, in INSPIRATION's eager hour,  
When most the big soul feels the madning pow'r,  
    These wilds, these caverns roaming o'er,  
    Round which the screaming sea-gulls soar,  
With wild unequal steps he pass'd along  
Oft pouring on the winds a broken song :  
Anon, upon some rough rock's fearful brow  
Would pause abrupt—and gaze upon the waves below

POOR CHATTERTON ! *he* sorrows for thy fate  
Who would have prais'd and lov'd thee, ere too late.  
POOR CHATTERTON ! farewell ! of darkest hues  
This chaplet cast I on thy unshap'd tomb ;  
But dare no longer on the sad theme muse,  
Left kindred woes persuade a kindred doom :  
For oh ! big gall-drops, shook from FOLLY'S wing,  
Have blacken'd the fair promise of my spring ;  
And the stern FATE transpierc'd with viewless dart  
The last pale Hope, that shiver'd at my heart !  
  
Hence, gloomy thoughts ! no more my soul shall dwell  
On joys that were ! No more endure to weigh  
The shame and anguish of the evil day,  
Wifely forgetful ! O'er the ocean swell  
Sublime of Hope I seek the cottag'd dell  
Where VIRTUE calm with careless step may stray ;

And, dancing to the moon-light roundelay,  
The wizard PASSIONS weave an holy spell !

O, CHATTERTON ! that thou wert yet alive !  
Sure thou would'st spread the canvass to the gale,  
And love, with us, the tinkling team to drive  
O'er peaceful Freedom's UNDIVIDED dale ;  
And we, at sober eve, would round thee throng,  
Hanging, enraptur'd, on thy stately song !  
And greet with smiles the young-eyed POESY  
All deftly mask'd, as hoar ANTIQUITY.

Alas vain Phantasies ! the fleeting brood  
Of Woe self-solac'd in her dreamy mood !  
Yet will I love to follow the sweet dream,  
Where Susquehannah pours his untam'd stream ;

And on some hill, whose forest-frowning side  
Waves o'er the murmurs of his calmer tide,  
Will raise a solemn CENOTAPH to thee,  
Sweet Harper of time-shrouded MINSTRELSY !  
And there, sooth'd sadly by the dirgeful wind,  
Muse on the fore ills I had left behind.

TO THE

*Method*

Rev. W. J. H.

WHILE TEACHING A YOUNG LADY  
SOME SONG-TUNES

*ON HIS FLUTE.*



I.

**H**USH! ye clamorous Cares! be mute!

Again, dear Harmonist! again

Thro' the hollow of thy flute

Breathe that passion-warbled strain:

Till MEMORY each form shall bring  
The loveliest of her shadowy throng ;  
And HOPE, that soars on sky-lark wing,  
Carol wild her gladdest song !

## II.

O skill'd with magic spell to roll  
The thrilling tones, that concentrate the soul !  
Breathe thro' thy flute those tender notes again,  
While near thee sits the chaste-eyed Maiden mild ;  
And bid her raise the Poet's kindred strain  
In soft impassion'd voice, correctly wild.

## III.

In Freedom's UNDIVIDED dell,  
Where *Toil* and *Health* with mellow'd *Love* shall dwell,

Far from folly, far from men,  
In the rude romantic glen,  
Up the cliff, and thro' the glade,  
Wand'ring with the dear-lov'd maid,  
I shall listen to the lay,  
And ponder on thee far away !

Still, as she bids those thrilling notes aspire

(" Making my fond attuned heart her lyre")

Thy honor'd form, my Friend ! shall re-appear,  
And I will thank thee with a raptur'd tear.

# SONGS

OF

## THE PIXIES.

The PIXIES, in the superstition of Devonshire, are a race of beings invisibly small, and harmless or friendly to man. At a small distance from a village in that county, half way up a wood-cover'd hill, is an excavation, called the Pixies' Parlour. The roots of old trees form its cieling; and on its sides are innumerable cyphers, among which the Author discovered his own cypher and those of his brothers, cut by the hand of their childhood. At the foot of the hill flows the river Otter.

To this place the Author conducted a party of young Ladies, during the Summer months of the year 1793; one of whom, of stature elegantly small, and of complexion colourless yet clear, was proclaimed the Fairy Queen: On which occasion the following Irregular Ode was written.

SONGS  
OF  
THE PIXIES.

---

I.

WHOM the untaught Shepherds call  
PIXIES in their madrigal,  
Fancy's children, here we dwell :  
Welcome, LADIES ! to our cell.

C

Here the wren of softest note

Builds it's nest and warbles well ;

Here the blackbird strains his throat :

Welcome, LADIES ! to our cell.

II.

When fades the moon all shadowy-pale

And scuds the cloud before the gale,

Ere MORN with living gems bedight

Purples the East with streaky light,

We sip the furze-flowr's fragrant dews

Clad in robes of rainbow hues

Richer, than the deepen'd bloom,

That glows on Summer's lily-scented plume :

Or, sport amid the rosy gleam

Sooth'd by the distant-tinkling team,

While lusty LABOR scouting sorrow  
Bids the DAME a glad good-morrow,  
Who jogs th' accustom'd road along,  
And paces cheery to her cheering song.

## III.

But not our filmy pinion  
We scorch amid the blaze of day,  
When NOONTIDE's fiery-tressed minion  
Flashes the fervid ray.  
Aye from the fultry heat  
We to the cave retreat  
O'er-canopied by huge roots intertwin'd  
With wildest texture, blacken'd o'er with age:  
Round them their mantle green the ivies bind,

Beneath whose foliage pale  
Fann'd by the unfrequent gale  
We shield us from the Tyrants' mid-day rage.

## IV.

Thither, while the murm'ring throng  
Of wild-bees, hum their drowsy song,  
By Indolence and Fancy brought,  
A youthful BARD, "unknown to Fame,"  
Wooes the Queen of solemn thought,  
And heaves the gentle mis'ry of a sigh  
Gazing with tearful eye,  
As round our sandy grot appear  
Many a rudely sculptur'd name  
To pensive MEM'RY dear !  
Weaving gay dreams of funny-tinctur'd hue  
We glance before his view :

O'er his hush'd foul our soothing witch'ries shed,  
And twine our faery garlands round his head.

## v.

When EVENING's dusky car  
Crown'd with her dewy star  
Steals o'er the fading sky in shadowy flight;  
On leaves of aspen trees  
We tremble to the breeze  
Veil'd from the grosser ken of mortal sight.  
Or, haply, at the visionary hour,  
Along our wildly-bow'rd, sequestered walk,  
We listen to th' enamour'd rustic's talk;  
Heave with the heavings of the maiden's breast,  
Where young-eyed Loves have built their turtle nest;  
Or guide of soul-subduing power

Th' electric flash, that from the melting eye  
Darts the fond question and the soft reply.

## VI.

Or thro' the mystic ringlets of the vale  
We flash our faery feet in gamefome prank ;  
Or, filent-sandal'd, pay our defter court  
Circling the SPIRIT of the WESTERN GALE,  
Where, wearied with his flower-careffing fport,  
Supine he flumbers on a violet bank ;  
Then with quaint mufic hymn the parting gleam,  
By lonely OTTER's fleep-perfuading fteam ;  
Or where his waves, with loud unquiet fong  
Dafh'd o'er the rocky channel froths along ;  
Or where, his filver waters fmooth'd to reft,  
The tall trees' fhadow fleeps upon his breaft.

## VII.

Hence! thou lingerer, LIGHT!

EVE saddens into NIGHT.

Mother of wildly-working dreams! we view

The SOMBRE HOURS, that round thee stand

With down-cast eyes (a duteous band!)

Their dark robes dripping with the heavy dew.

SORC'RESS of the ebon throne!

Thy power the PIXIES own,

When round thy raven brow

Heaven's lucent roses glow,

And clouds, in watry colours drest,

Float in light drapery o'er thy sable vest:

What time the pale moon sheds a softer day

Mellowing the woods beneath its pensive beam:

For mid the quiv'ring light 'tis our's to play,

Aye-dancing to the cadence of the stream.

## VIII.

Welcome, LADIES ! to the cell,

Where the blameless PIXIES dwell.

But thou sweet Nymph ! proclaim'd our Faery Queen,

With what obedience meet

Thy presence shall we greet ?

For lo ! attendant on thy steps are seen

Graceful EASE in artless stole,

And white-rob'd PURITY of soul,

With HONOR's softer mein :

MIRTH of the loosely-flowing hair,

And meek ey'd PITY eloquently fair,

Whose tearful cheeks are lovely to the view,

As snow-drop wet with dew.

## IX.

Unboastful Maid ! tho' now the LILY pale  
Transparent grace thy beauties meek ;  
Yet ere again along the impurpling vale,  
The purpling vale and elfin-haunted grove,  
Young Zephyr his fresh flowers profusely throws,  
We'll tinge with livelier hues thy cheek ;  
And, haply, from the nectar-breathing ROSE  
Extract a BLUSH for LOVE !

# L I N E S

WRITTEN

*AT THE KING'S ARMS, ROSS,*

FORMERLY THE HOUSE OF THE

“MAN OF ROSS.”

---

**R**ICHER than MISER o'er his countless hoards,  
Nobler than KINGS, or king-polluted LORDS,  
Here dwelt the MAN OF ROSS ! O Trav'ler, hear !  
Departed Merit claims a reverent tear.  
Beneath this roof if thy cheer'd moments pass,  
Fill to the good man's name one grateful glass :

To higher zest shall MEM'RY wake thy soul,  
And VIRTUE mingle in th' ennobled bowl.  
But if, like me, thro' life's distressful scene  
Lonely and sad thy pilgrimage hath been ;  
And if, thy breast with heart-sick anguish fraught,  
Thou journeyest onward tempest-toft in thought ;  
Here cheat thy cares ! in generous visions melt,  
And dream of Goodness, thou hast never felt !

# L I N E S

TO A

## BEAUTIFUL SPRING

### *IN A VILLAGE.*

---

**O**NCE more, sweet Stream ! with flow foot wand-  
d'ring near

I blefs thy milky waters cold and clear.

Escap'd the flashing of the noontide hours

With one fresh garland of Pierian flowers

(Ere from thy zephyr-haunted brink I turn)

My languid hand shall wreath thy mossy urn.

For not thro' pathless grove with murmur rude  
Thou soothe'st the sad wood-nymph, SOLITUDE :  
Nor thine unseen in cavern depths to well,  
The HERMIT-FOUNTAIN of some dripping cell !  
Pride of the Vale ! thy useful streams supply  
The scatter'd cots and peaceful hamlet nigh.  
The elfin tribe around thy friendly banks  
With infant uproar and soul-soothing pranks,  
Releas'd from school, their little hearts at rest,  
Launch paper navies on thy waveless breast.

The rustic here at eve with pensive look  
Whistling lorn ditties leans upon his crook,  
Or starting pauses with hope-mingled dread  
To lift the much-lov'd maid's accustom'd tread :  
She, vainly mindful of her dame's command,  
Loiters, the long-fill'd pitcher in her hand.

Unboastful Stream ! Thy fount with pebbled falls  
The faded form of past delight recalls,  
What time the morning sun of Hope arose,  
And all was joy ; save when another's woes  
A transient gloom upon my soul imprest,  
Like passing clouds impictur'd on thy breast.  
Life's current then ran sparkling to the noon  
Or silv'ry stole beneath the pensive Moon.  
Ah ! now it works rude brakes and thorns among,  
Or o'er the rough rock bursts and foams along !

# EPITAPH

ON

A N I N F A N T.

---

ERE Sin could blight or Sorrow fade,

DEATH came with friendly care ;

The opening bud to Heaven convey'd

And bade it blossom there.

L I N E S

ON

A F R I E N D

WHO DIED OF A FRENZY FEVER

INDUCED BY

CALUMNIOUS REPORTS.

---

EDMUND! thy grave with aking eye I scan,  
And inly groan for Heaven's poor outcast, Man!  
'Tis tempest all or gloom : in early youth  
If gifted with the Ithuriel lance of Truth

He force to start amid her feign'd cares  
VICE, firen-hag ! in native ugliness,  
A Brother's fate will haply rouse the tear,  
And on he goes in heaviness and fear !  
But if his fond heart call to PLEASURE's bower  
Some pigmy FOLLY in a careless hour,  
The faithless guest shall stamp th' enchanted ground  
And mingled forms of Mis'ry rise around :  
Heart-fretting FEAR, with pallid look aghast,  
That courts the future woe to hide the past ;  
REMORSE, the poison'd arrow in his side ;  
And loud lewd MIRTH, to Anguish close allied :  
Till FRENZY, fierce-ey'd child of moping pain,  
Darts her hot lightning flash athwart the brain.  
  
Rest, injur'd shade ! Shall SLANDER squatting near  
Spit her cold venom in a DEAD MAN's ear ?

'Twas thine to feel the sympathetic glow  
In Merit's joy, and Poverty's meek woe ;  
Thine all, that cheer the moment as it flies,  
The *zoneless* CARES, and smiling COURTESIES.  
Nurs'd in thy heart the firmer Virtues grew,  
And in thy heart they wither'd ! Such chill dew  
Wan INDOLENCE on each young blossom shed ;  
And VANITY her filmy net-work spread,  
With eye that roll'd around in asking gaze,  
And tongue that traffick'd in the trade of praise.  
Thy follies such ! the hard world mark'd them well—  
Were they more wise, the PROUD who never fell ?  
Rest, injur'd shade ! the poor man's prayer of praise  
On heaven-ward wing thy wounded soul shall raise.

As oft at twilight gloom thy grave I pass,  
And sit me down upon its' recent grass,

With introverted eye I contemplate  
Similitude of soul, perhaps of — Fate!  
To me hath Heaven with bounteous hand assign'd  
Energic Reason and a shaping mind,  
The daring ken of Truth, the Patriot's part,  
And Pity's sigh, that breathes the gentle heart—  
Sloth-jaundic'd all ! and from my grasplefs hand  
Drop Friendship's precious pearls, like hour glafs sand.  
I weep, yet stoop not ! the faint anguish flows,  
A dreamy pang in Morning's fev'rish doze.

Is this pil'd Earth our Being's pafslefs mound ?  
Tell me, cold grave ! is Death with poppies crown'd ?  
Tir'd Centinel ! mid fitful starts I nod,  
And fain would fleep, though pillow'd on a clod !

TO A  
Y O U N G L A D Y  
WITH  
A P O E M  
ON  
*THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.*

---

MUCH on my early youth I love to dwell,  
Ere yet I bade that friendly dome farewell,  
Where first, beneath the echoing cloisters pale,  
I heard of guilt and wonder'd at the tale !  
Yet tho' the hours flew by on careless wing,  
Full heavily of Sorrow would I sing.  
Aye as the star of evening flung its beam  
In broken radiance on the wavy stream,

My soul amid the penfive twilight gloom  
 Mourn'd with the breeze, O\* LEE BOO! o'er thy tomb  
 Where'er I wander'd, PITY still was near,  
 Breath'd from the heart and glisten'd in the tear :  
 No knell that toll'd, but fill'd my anxious eye,  
 And suff'ring Nature wept that *one* should die!†

Thus to sad sympathies I sooth'd my breast  
 Calm, as the rainbow in the weeping West :  
 When slumb'ring FREEDOM rous'd by high DISDAIN  
 With giant fury burst her triple chain !  
 Fierce on her front the blasting Dog-star glow'd ;  
 Her Banners, like a midnight Meteor, flow'd ;  
 Amid the yelling of the storm-rent skies  
 She came, and scatter'd battles from her eyes !

## D 3

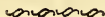
\* Note 1.

† Note 2.

Then EXULTATION wak'd the patriot fire  
 And swept with wilder hand th' Alcæan lyre :  
 Red from the Tyrants' wound I shook the lance,  
 And strode in joy the reeking plains of France !

In ghastly horror lie th' Oppressors low,  
 And my heart akes, tho' MERCY struck the blow.  
 With wearied thought once more I seek the shade,  
 Where peaceful Virtue weaves the MYRTLE braid.  
 And ô ! if EYES, whose holy glances roll,  
 The eloquent messengers of the pure soul ;  
 If SMILES more winning, and a gentler MIEN,  
 Than the love-wilder'd Maniac's brain hath seen  
 Shaping celestial forms in vacant air ;  
 If these demand th' empassion'd Poet's care—  
 If MIRTH, and soften'd SENSE, and WIT refin'd,  
 The blameless features of a lovely mind ;

Then haply shall my trembling hand assign  
No fading wreath to BEAUTY'S faintly shrine.  
Nor, SARA ! thou these early flowers refuse——  
Ne'er lurk'd the snake beneath their simple hues :  
No purple bloom the Child of Nature brings  
From Flatt'ry's night-shade : as he feels, he sings.



0  
A B S E N C E.

A F A R E W E L L O D E.

---

W HERE grac'd with many a classic spoil  
CAM rolls his reverend stream along,  
I haste to urge the learned toil  
That sternly chides my love-lorn song :  
Ah me ! too mindful of the days  
Illum'd by PASSION'S orient rays,  
When Peace, and Chearfulness, and Healt  
Enrich'd me with the best of wealth.

Ah fair Delights ! that o'er my soul  
On Mem'ry's wing, like shadows, fly !

Ah Flowers ! which Joy from Eden stole  
 While Innocence stood smiling by ! —  
 But cease, fond Heart ! this bootless moan.  
 Those Hours on rapid Pinions flown  
 Shall yet return, by ABSENCE crown'd,  
 And scatter livelier roses round.

The SUN, who ne'er remits his fires  
 On heedless eyes may pour the day :  
 The MOON, that oft from Heav'n retires,  
 Endears her renovated ray.  
 What tho' she leave the sky unblest  
 To mourn awhile in murky vest ?  
 When she relumes her lovely Light,  
 We BLESS the Wanderer of the Night.

*~~~~~*



# Effusions.

Content, as random Fancies might inspire,  
If his weak harp at times or lonely lyre  
He struck with desultory hand, and drew  
Some soften'd tones to Nature not untrue.

BOWLES.

## EFFUSION I.

MY heart has thank'd thee, BOWLES ! for those  
soft strains

Whose sadness soothes me, like the murmuring  
Of wild-bees in the sunny showers of spring !  
For hence not callous to the mourner's pains  
Thro' Youth's gay prime and thornless paths I went :  
And when the *darker* day of life began,  
And I did roam, a thought-bewilder'd man !  
Their mild and manliest melancholy lent  
A mingled charm, such as the pang consign'd  
To slumber, tho' the big tear it renew'd ;  
Bidding a strange mysterious PLEASURE brood  
Over the wavy and tumultuous mind,  
As the great SPIRIT erst with plastic sweep  
Mov'd on the darkness of the uniform'd deep.

*monmon*

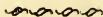
## EFFUSION II.

AS late I lay in slumber's shadowy vale,  
 With wetted cheek and in a mourner's guise  
 I saw the fainted form of FREEDOM rise :  
 She spake ! not sadder moans the autumnal gale.  
 " Great Son of Genius ! sweet to me thy name,  
 " Ere in an evil hour with alter'd voice  
 " Thou badst Oppression's hireling crew rejoice  
 " Blasting with wizard spell my laurell'd fame.  
 " Yet never, BURKE ! thou drank'st Corruption's bow  
 " Thee stormy Pity and the cherish'd lure  
 " Of Pomp, and proud Precipitance of soul  
 " Wilder'd with meteor fires. Ah Spirit pure !  
 " That error's mist had left thy purged eye :  
 " So might I clasp thee with a Mother's joy ! "

*mononon*

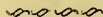
## EFFUSION III.

NOT always should the tear's ambrosial dew  
Roll its soft anguish down thy furrow'd cheek !  
Not always heaven-breath'd tones of suppliance meek  
Beseem thee, MERCY ! Yon dark Scowler view,  
Who with proud words of dear-lov'd Freedom came—  
More blasting, than the mildew from the South !  
And kiss'd his country with Iscariot mouth  
(Ah ! foul apostate from his Father's fame !)  
Then fix'd her on the cross of deep distress,  
And at safe distance marks the thirsty lance  
Pierce her big side ! But ô ! if some strange trance  
The eye-lids of thy stern-brow'd Sister press,  
Seize, MERCY ! thou more terrible the brand,  
And hurl her thunderbolts with fiercer hand !



## EFFUSION IV.

**T**HO' rous'd by that dark Vizir RIOT rude  
 Have driven our PRIESTLY o'er the ocean swell ;  
 Tho' SUPERSTITION and her wolfish brood  
 Bay his mild radiance, impotent and fell ;  
 Calm in his halls of Brightness he shall dwell !  
 For lo ! RELIGION at his strong behest  
 Starts with mild anger from the Papal spell,  
 And flings to Earth her tinsel-glittering vest,  
 Her mitred state and cumbrous pomp unholy ;  
 And JUSTICE wakes to bid th' Oppressor wail  
 Insulting aye the wrongs of patient Folly ;  
 And from her dark retreat by Wisdom won  
 Meek NATURE slowly lifts her matron veil  
 To smile with fondness on her gazing son !



## EFFUSION V.

**W**HEN British Freedom for an happier land  
 Spread her broad wings, that flutter'd with affright,  
 ERSKINE! thy voice she heard, and paus'd her flight  
 Sublime of hope! For dreadful thou didst stand  
 (Thy center glowing with the hallow'd flame)  
 An hireless Priest before th' insulted shrine,  
 And at her altar pour'd'st the stream divine  
 Of unmatched eloquence. Therefore thy name  
 Her sons shall venerate, and cheer thy breast  
 With blessings heaven-ward breath'd. And when  
         the doom  
 Of Nature bids thee die, beyond the tomb  
 Thy light shall shine: as sunk beneath the West  
 Tho' the great Summer Sun eludes our gaze,  
 Still burns wide Heaven with his distended blaze.

## EFFUSION VI.

**I**T was some spirit, SHERIDAN ! that breath'd  
 O'er thy young mind such wildly-various power !  
 My soul hath mark'd thee in her shaping hour,  
 Thy temples with\* Hymettian flowrets wreath'd :  
 And sweet thy voice, as when o'er Laura's bier  
 Sad music trembled thro' Vaclusa's glade ;  
 Sweet, as at dawn the love-lorn Serenade  
 That wafts soft dreams to Slumber's list'ning ear.  
 Now patriot Rage and Indignation high  
 Swell the full tones ! And now thine eye-beams dance  
 Meanings of Scorn and Wit's quaint revelry !  
 Writhes inly from the bosom-probing glance  
 Th' Apostate by the brainless rout ador'd,  
 As erst that elder Fiend beneath great Michael's sword.

\* Note 3.

## EFFUSION VII.

AS when a child on some long winter's night  
 Affrighted clinging to its Grandam's knees  
 With eager wond'ring and perturb'd delight  
 Listens strange tales of fearful dark decrees  
 Mutter'd to wretch by necromantic spell ;  
 Or of those hags, who at the witching time  
 Of murky midnight ride the air sublime,  
 And mingle foul embrace with fiends of Hell :  
 Cold Horror drinks it's blood ! Anon the tear  
 More gentle starts, to hear the Beldame tell  
 Of pretty babes, that lov'd each other dear,  
 Murder'd by cruel Uncle's mandate fell :  
 Ev'n such the shiv'ring joys thy tones impart,  
 Ev'n so thou, SIDDONS ! meltest my sad heart !

## EFFUSION VIII.

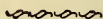
O WHAT a loud and fearful shriek† was there,  
 As tho' a thousand souls one death-groan pour'd !  
 Ah me ! they view'd beneath an hireling's sword  
 Fall'n KOSKIUSKO ! Thro' the burthen'd air  
 (As pauses the tir'd Cossac's barb'rous yell  
 Of Triumph) on the chill and midnight gale  
 Rises with frantic burst or sadder swell  
 The dirge of murder'd Hope ! while Freedom pale  
 Bends in *such* anguish o'er her destin'd bier,  
 As if from eldest time some Spirit meek  
 Had gather'd in a mystic urn each tear  
 That ever furrow'd a sad Patriot's cheek ;  
 And she had drain'd the sorrows of the bowl  
 Ev'n till she reel'd, intoxicate of soul !

 † Note 4.
 

~~~~~

O  
EFFUSION IX.

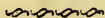
**A**S when far off the warbled strains are heard  
 That soar on Morning's wing the vales among,  
 Within his cage th' imprison'd matin bird  
 Swells the full chorus with a generous song :  
 He bathes no pinion in the dewy light,  
 No Father's joy, no Lover's bliss he shares,  
 Yet still the rising radiance cheers his fight—  
 His Fellows' freedom soothes the Captive's cares !  
 Thou, FAYETTE ! who didst wake with startling voice  
 Life's better fun from that long wintry night,  
 Thus in thy Country's triumphs shalt rejoice  
 And mock with raptures high the dungeon's might :  
 For lo ! the morning struggles into day,  
 And Slavery's spectres shriek and vanish from the ray !



## EFFUSION X.

NOT, STANHOPE! with the Patriot's doubtful name  
 I mock thy worth—FRIEND OF THE HUMAN RACE!  
 Since scorning Faction's low and partial aim  
 Aloof thou wendest in thy stately pace,  
 Thyself redeeming from that leprous stain,  
 NOBILITY: and aye unterrify'd  
 Pourest thine Abdiel warnings on the train  
 That sit complotting with rebellious pride  
 'Gainst\* her, who from the Almighty's bosom leapt  
 With whirlwind arm, fierce Minister of Love!  
 Wherefore, ere Virtue o'er thy tomb hath wept,  
 Angels shall lead thee to the Throne above:  
 And thou from forth it's clouds shalt hear the voice,  
 Champion of FREEDOM and her God! rejoice!

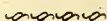
\* Gallic Liberty.



## EFFUSION XI.

**W**AS it some sweet device of faery land  
 That mock'd my steps with many a lonely glade,  
 And fancied wand'rings with a fair-hair'd maid ?  
 Have these things been ? Or did the wizard wand  
 Of Merlin wave, impregning vacant air,  
 And kindle up the vision of a smile  
 In those blue eyes, that seem'd to speak the while  
 Such tender things, as might enforce Despair  
 To drop the murth'ring knife, and let go by  
 His fell resolve ? Ah me ! the lonely glade  
 Still courts the footsteps of the fair-hair'd maid,  
 Among whose locks the west-winds love to sigh :  
 But I forlorn do wander, reckless where,  
 And mid my wand'rings find no ANNA there !

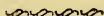
C. L.



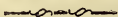
## EFFUSION XII.

**M**ETHINKS, how dainty sweet it were, reclin'd  
 Beneath the vast o'er shadowing branches high  
 Of some old wood, in careless fort to lie,  
 Nor of the busier scenes, we left behind,  
 Aught envying ! And, O Anna ! mild-eyed maid !  
 BELOVED ! I were well content to play  
 With thy free tresses the long summer day  
 Cheating the time beneath the green-wood shade.  
 But ah ! sweet scenes of fancied bliss, adieu !  
 On rose-leaf beds amid your faery bowers  
 I all too long have lost the dreamy hours !  
 Beseems it now the sterner Muse to woo,  
 If haply she her golden meed impart  
 To realize the vision of the heart.

C. L.



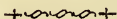
## EFFUSION XIII.



WRITTEN

A T M I D N I G H T,

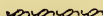
BY THE

*SEA - SIDE, AFTER A VOYAGE.*

**O**H! I could laugh to hear the midnight wind  
 That rushing on it's way with careless sweep  
 Scatters the Ocean waves—and I could weep,  
 Ev'n as a child! For now to my rapt mind  
 On wings of winds comes wild-ey'd Phantasy,  
 And her dread visions give a rude delight!

O winged Bark ! how fwift along the night  
Pafs'd thy proud keel ! Nor fhall I let go by  
Lightly of that drear hour the memory,  
When wet and chilly on thy deck I flood  
Unbonnetted, and gaz'd upon the flood,  
And almoft wifh'd it were no crime to die !  
How Reafon reel'd ! What gloomy tranfports rofe !  
Till the rude dafhings rock'd them to repofe.

C. L.



EFFUSION XIV. *Hope*

**T**HOU gentle LOOK, that didst my soul beguile,  
 Why hast thou left me? Still in some fond dream  
 Revisit my sad heart, auspicious SMILE!  
 As falls on closing flowers the lunar beam:  
 What time, in sickly mood, at parting day  
 I lay me down and think of happier years;  
 Of Joys, that glimmer'd in Hope's twilight ray,  
 Then left me darkling in a vale of tears.  
 O pleasant days of Hope — for ever gone!  
 Could I recall you! — But that thought is vain.  
 Availeth not Persuasion's sweetest tone  
 To lure the fleet-wing'd Travellers back again:  
 Yet fair, tho' faint, their images shall gleam  
 Like the bright Rainbow on a willowy stream.

## EFFUSION XV.

**P**ALE Roamer thro' the Night! thou poor Forlorn!  
 Remorse that man on his death-bed possesses,  
 Who in the credulous hour of tenderness  
 Betrayed, then cast thee forth to Want and Scorn!  
 The world is pitiless: the Chaste one's pride  
 Mimic of Virtue scowls on thy distress:  
 Thy Loves and they, that envied thee, deride:  
 And Vice alone will shelter Wretchedness!  
 O! I am sad to think, that there should be  
 Cold-bosom'd Lewd ones, who endure to place  
 Foul offerings on the shrine of Misery,  
 And force from FAMINE the caress of LOVE!  
 May He shed healing on thy fore disgrace,  
 He, the great COMFORTER that rules above!

## EFFUSION XVI.

**S**WEET Mercy! how my very heart has bled  
 To see thee, poor OLD MAN! and thy gray hairs  
 Hoar with the snowy blast: while no one cares  
 To cloathe thy shrivell'd limbs and palsied head.  
 My Father! throw away this tatter'd vest  
 That mocks thy shiv'ring! take my garment—use  
 A young man's arms! I'll melt these frozen dews  
 That hang from thy white beard and numb thy breast.  
 My SARA too shall tend thee, like a Child:  
 And thou shalt talk, in our fire side's recess,  
 Of purple Pride, that scowls on Wretchedness.—  
 He did not so, the GALILÆAN mild,  
 Who met the Lazars turn'd from rich man's doors,  
 And call'd them Friends, and heal'd their noisome  
 Sores!

## EFFUSION XVII.

MAID of my Love! sweet GENEVIEVE!\*

In Beauty's light you glide along :

Your eye is like the star of eve,

And sweet your Voice, as Seraph's song.

Yet not your heavenly Beauty gives

This heart with passion soft to glow :

Within your soul a VOICE there lives !

It bids you hear the tale of Woe.

When sinking low the Suff'rer wan

Beholds no hand outstretcht to save,

Fair, as the bosom of the Swan

That rises graceful o'er the wave,

I've seen your breast with pity heave,

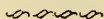
And *therefore* love I you, sweet GENEVIEVE !

\* Note 5.

## EFFUSION XVIII.

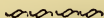
## TO THE AUTUMNAL MOON.

MILD Splendor of the various-vested Night !  
 Mother of wildly-working visions ! hail !  
 I watch thy gliding, while with watry light  
 Thy weak eye glimmers thro' a fleecy veil ;  
 And when thou lovest thy pale orb to shroud  
 Behind the gather'd blackness loft on high ;  
 And when thou dartest from the wind-rent cloud  
 Thy placid lightning o'er th' awaken'd sky.  
 Ah such is HOPE ! as changeful and as fair !  
 Now dimly peering on the wistful sight ;  
 Now hid behind the dragon-wing'd Despair :  
 But soon emerging in her radiant might  
 She o'er the sorrow-clouded breast of Care  
 Sails, like a meteor kindling in it's flight.



## EFFUSION XIX.

**T**HOU bleedest, my poor HEART ! and thy distress  
 Reas'ning I ponder with a scornful smile  
 And probe thy fore wound sternly, tho' the while  
 Swoln be mine eye and dim with heaviness.  
 Why didst thou listen to Hope's whisper bland ?  
 Or, list'ning, why forget the healing tale,  
 When Jealousy with fev'rish fancies pale  
 Jarr'd thy fine fibres with a maniac's hand ?  
 Faint was that HOPE, and rayless ! — Yet 'twas fair  
 And sooth'd with many a dream the hour of rest :  
 Thou should'st have lov'd it most, when most oppress'd,  
 And nurs'd it with an agony of Care,  
 Ev'n as a Mother her sweet infant heir  
 That wan and sickly droops upon her breast !



## EFFUSION XX.

TO THE AUTHOR OF THE "ROBBERS."

**S**CHILLER!\* that hour I would have wish'd to die,  
 If thro' the shudd'ring midnight I had sent  
 From the dark dungeon of the tower time-rent  
 That fearful voice, a famish'd Father's cry —  
 Left in some after moment aught more mean  
 Might stamp me mortal ! A triumphant shout  
 Black HORROR scream'd, and all her *goblin* rout  
 Diminish'd shrunk from the more with'ring scene !  
 Ah Bard tremendous in sublimity !  
 Could I behold thee in thy loftier mood  
 Wand'ring at eve with finely-frenzied eye  
 Beneath some vast old tempest-fwinging wood !  
 Awhile with mute awe gazing I would brood :  
 Then weep aloud in a wild extacy !

F

\* Note 6.



## EFFUSION XXI.

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COMPOSED

WHILE CLIMBING THE LEFT ASCENT

OF

*BROCKLEY COOMB,*

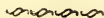
IN THE

COUNTY OF SOMERSET,

*M A Y, 1795.*

WITH many a pause and oft reverted eye  
 I climb the Coomb's ascent : sweet songsters near  
 Warble in shade their wild-wood melody :  
 Far off th' unvarying Cuckoo soothes my ear.

Up scour the startling stragglers of the Flock  
 That on green plots o'er precipices brouze :  
 From the forc'd fissures of the naked rock  
 The Yew tree bursts ! Beneath it's dark green boughs  
 (Mid which the May-thorn blends it's blossoms white)  
 Where broad smooth stones jut out in mossy seats,  
 I rest.—And now have gain'd the topmost site.  
 Ah ! what a luxury of landscape meets  
 My gaze ! Proud Towers, and Cots more dear to me,  
 Elm-shadow'd Fields, and prospect-bounding Sea !  
 Deep sighs my lonely heart : I drop the tear :  
 Enchanting spot ! O were my SARA here !



## EFFUSION XXII.



TO

A F R I E N D

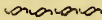
TOGETHER WITH

*AN UNFINISHED POEM.*

**T**HUS far my scanty brain hath built the rhyme  
 Elaborate and swelling : yet the heart  
 Not owns it. From thy spirit-breathing powers  
 I ask not now, my friend ! the aiding verse,  
 Tedious to thee, and from thy anxious thought  
 Of dissonant mood. In fancy (well I know)  
 From business wand'ring far and local cares,  
 Thou creepest round a dear-lov'd Sister's bed

With noiseless step, and watchest the faint look,  
 Soothing each pang with fond solicitude,  
 And tenderest tones medicinal of love.  
 I too a SISTER had, an only Sister——  
 She lov'd me dearly, and I doted on her  
 To her I pour'd forth all my puny sorrows,  
 (As a sick Patient in his Nurse's arms)  
 And of the heart those hidden maladies  
 That shrink ashamed from even Friendship's eye.  
 O ! I have woke at midnight, and have wept,  
 Because SHE WAS NOT !—Cheerily, dear CHARLES !  
 Thou thy best friend shalt cherish many a year :  
 Such warm presages feel I of high Hope.  
 For not uninterested the dear maid  
 I've view'd—her soul affectionate yet wise,  
 Her polish'd wit as mild as lambent glories,

That play around a fainted infant's head.  
He knows (the SPIRIT that in secret sees,  
Of whose omniscient and all-spreading Love  
Aught to *implore* were impotence of mind)  
That my mute thoughts are sad before his throne,  
Prepar'd, when he his healing ray vouchsafes,  
To pour forth thanksgiving with lifted heart,  
And praise Him Gracious with a BROTHER'S Joy !



## EFFUSION XXIII.

## TO THE NIGHTINGALE.

SISTER of love-lorn Poets, Philomel !

How many Bards in city garret pent,

While at their window they with downward eye

Mark the faint Lamp-beam on the kennell'd mud,

And listen to the drowfy cry of Watchmen,

(Those hoarse unfeather'd Nightingales of TIME !)

How many wretched Bards address *thy* name,

And Her's, the full-orb'd Queen, that shines above.

But I *do* hear thee, and the high bough mark,

Within whose mild moon-mellow'd foliage hid

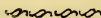
Thou warblest sad thy pity-pleading strains.

O ! have I listen'd, till my working soul,

Wak'd by those strains to thousand phantasies,

Abforb'd hath ceas'd to listen ! Therefore oft,

I hymn thy name : and with a proud delight  
 Oft will I tell thee, MINSTREL of the MOON !  
 “ Most musical, most melancholy ” Bird !  
 That all thy soft diversities of tone,  
 Tho’ sweeter far than the delicious airs  
 That vibrate from a white-arm’d Lady’s harp,  
 What time the languishment of lonely love  
 Melts in her eye, and heaves her breast of snow,  
 Are not so sweet, as is the voice of her,  
 My SARA—best lov’d of human Kind !  
 When breathing the pure soul of Tendernefs  
 She thrills me with the HUSBAND’s promis’d name !



## EFFUSION XXIV.



IN THE

*MANNER OF SPENSER.*

**O** PEACE, that on a lilied bank doft love  
 To reft thine head beneath an Olive Tree,  
 I would, that from the pinions of thy Dove  
 One quill withouten pain ypluck'd might be !  
 For ô ! I wifh my SARA's frowns to flee,  
 And fain to her fome foothing fong would write,  
 Left ſhe relent my rude difcourteſy,  
 Who vow'd to meet her ere the morning light,  
 But broke my plighted word—ah ! falſe and recre-  
 ant Wight !

Last night as I my weary head did pillow  
 With thoughts of my dislever'd Fair engross'd,  
 Chill Fancy droop'd wreathing herself with willow,  
 As tho' my breast entomb'd a pining ghost.

" From someblest couch, young Rapture's bridal boast,

" Rejected SLUMBER! hither wing thy way ;

" But leave me with the matin hour, at most !

*As in soft close'd floweret to the orient ray*  
 " Like snowdrop opening to the solar ray,

" My sad heart will expand, when I the Maid survey.

But LOVE, who heard the silence of my thought,  
 Contriv'd a too successful wile, I ween :

And whisper'd to himself, with malice fraught —

" Too long our Slave the Damsel's *smiles* hath seen :

" To-morrow shall he ken her alter'd mien !"

He spake, and ambush'd lay, till on my bed

The Morning shot her dewy glances keen,

When as I 'gan to lift my drowfy head —

“ Now, Bard ! I'll work thee woe ! ” the laughing  
Elfin said.

SLEEP, softly-breathing God ! his downy wing  
Was flutt'ring now, as quickly to depart ;  
When twang'd an arrow from LOVE's mystic string,  
With pathless wound it pierc'd him to the heart.  
Was there some Magic in the Elfin's dart ?  
Or did he strike my couch with wizard lance ?  
For strait so fair a Form did upwards start  
(No fairer deck'd the Bowers of old Romance)  
That SLEEP enamour'd grew, nor mov'd from his  
sweet Trance !

My SARA came, with gentlest Look divine ;  
Bright shone her Eye, yet tender was its beam :

I felt the preffure of her Lip to mine !

Whisp'ring we went, and Love was all our theme—

Love pure and spotless, as at first, I deem,

He sprang from Heaven ! Such joys with Sleep did 'bide,

That I the living Image of my Dream

Fondly forgot. Too late I woke, and sigh'd —

“ O ! how shall I behold my Love at even-tide ! ”

*~~~~~*

## EFFUSION XXV.

TELL me, on what holy ground  
 May DOMESTIC PEACE be found ?  
 Halcyon Daughter of the skies,  
 Far on fearful wings she flies,  
 From the pomp of scepter'd State,  
 From the Rebel's noisy hate.

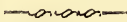
In a cottaged vale She dwells  
 Lift'ning to the Sabbath bells !  
 Still around her steps are seen  
 Spotless HONOR's meeker mien,  
 LOVE, the fire of pleasing fears,  
 SORROW smiling through her tears,  
 And conscious of the past employ  
 MEMORY, bosom-spring of Joy.

## EFFUSION XXVI.

**C**UPID, if storying\* Legends tell aright,  
 Once fram'd a rich Elixir of Delight.  
 A Chalice o'er love-kindled flames he fix'd,  
 And in it Nectar and Ambrosia mix'd :  
 With these the magic dew, which Evening brings,  
 Brush'd from the Idalian star by faery wings :  
 Each tender pledge of sacred Faith he join'd,  
 Each gentler Pleasure of th' unspotted mind—  
 Day-dreams, whose tints with sportive brightness glow  
 And Hope, the blameless Parasite of Woe.  
 The eyeless Chemist heard the process rise,  
 The steamy Chalice bubbled up in sighs ;  
 Sweet sounds transpir'd, as when the enamour'd Dove  
 Pours the soft murm'ring of responsive Love.

\* Note 7.

The finished work might Envy vainly blame,  
And "Kisses" was the precious Compounds' name.  
With half the God his Cyprian Mother blest,  
And breath'd on SARA's lovelier lips the rest.



## EFFUSION XXVII.

AS late each flower that sweetest blows  
I pluck'd, the Garden's pride !  
Within the petals of a Rose  
A sleeping Love I 'spied.

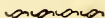
Around his brows a beamy wreath  
Of many a lucent hue ;  
All purple glow'd his cheek, beneath,  
Inebriate with the dew.

I softly seiz'd th' unguarded Power,  
Nor scar'd his balmy rest ;  
And plac'd him, cag'd within the flower,  
On spotless SARA's breast.

But when unweeting of the guile  
 Awoke the pris'ner fweet,  
 He struggled to escape awhile  
 And stamp'd his faery feet.

Ah ! soon the foul-entrancing fight  
 Subdued th' impatient boy !  
 He gaz'd ! he thrill'd with deep delight !  
 Then clapp'd his wings for Joy.

And ô ! he cried — “ Of magic kind  
 “ What charms this Throne endear !  
 “ Some other LOVE let Venus find——  
 “ I'll fix *my* empire here.”



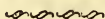
## EFFUSION XXVIII.

**O**NE kifs, dear Maid ! I said and sigh'd—  
 Your scorn the little boon denied.  
 Ah why refuse the blameless bliss ?  
 Can danger lurk within a kifs ?

Yon viewless Wand'rer of the vale,  
 The SPIRIT of the Western Gale,  
 At Morning's break, at Evening's close  
 Inhales the sweetness of the ROSE,  
 And hovers o'er th' uninjur'd Bloom  
 Sighing back the soft perfume.  
 Vigor to the Zephyr's wing  
 Her nectar-breathing KISSES fling ;  
 And He the glitter of the Dew  
 Scatters on the ROSE's hue.

Bashful lo ! she bends her head,  
And darts a blush of deeper Red !

Too well those lovely lips disclose  
The Triumphs of the op'ning Rose :  
O fair ! O graceful ! bid them prove  
As passive to the breath of Love.  
In tender accents, faint and low,  
Well-pleas'd I hear the whisper'd " No !"  
The whisper'd " No" — how little meant !  
Sweet Falsehood, that endears Consent !  
For on those lovely lips the while  
Dawns the soft relenting smile,  
And tempts with feign'd dissuasion coy  
The gentle violence of Joy.

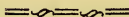


## EFFUSION XXIX.



IMITATED\*

O FROM O S S I A N.



THE stream with languid murmur creeps,

In LUMIN'S *flowery* vale :

Beneath the dew the Lily weeps

Slow-waving to the gale.

“Cease, restless gale ! it seems to say

“ Nor wake me with thy fighting !

“ The honors of my vernal day

“ On rapid wing are flying.

\* Note 8.

“ To morrow shall the Trav’ller come

“ Who late beheld me blooming :

“ His searching eye shall vainly roam

“ The dreary vale of LUMIN.”

With eager gaze and wetted cheek

My wonted haunts along,

Thus, faithful Maiden ! *thou* shalt seek

The Youth of simplest song.

But I along the breeze shall roll

The voice of feeble power ;

And dwell, the Moon-beam of thy soul,

In Slumber’s nightly hour.

~~~~~

## EFFUSION XXX.

+o+

THE

*COMPLAINT OF NINATHOMA.\**

+o=+o+

HOW long will ye round me be swelling,

O ye blue-tumbling waves of the Sea?

Not always in Caves was my dwelling,

Nor beneath the cold blast of the Tree.

Thro' the high-sounding halls of Cathlóma

In the steps of my Beauty I stray'd ;

The Warriors beheld Ninathóma,

And they blessed the white-bosom'd Maid !

\* Note 9.

A GHOST ! by my Cavern it darted !

In moon-beams the Spirit was drest —

For lovely appear the DEPARTED

When they visit the dreams of my Rest !

But disturb'd by the Tempest's commotion

Fleet the shadowy forms of Delight —

Ah cease, thou shrill blast of the Ocean !

To howl thro' my Cavern by Night.

*monmon*

## EFFUSION XXXI.



IMITATED

FROM THE WELCH.



IF, while my passion I impart,  
 You deem my words untrue,  
 O place your hand upon my heart——  
 Feel how it throbs for *you*!

Ah no! reject the thoughtless claim  
 In pity to your Lover!  
 That thrilling touch would aid the flame,  
 It wishes to discover.



## EFFUSION XXXII.

*THE SIGH.*

**W**HEN Youth his faery reign began  
 Ere Sorrow had proclaim'd me man ;  
 While Peace the present hour beguil'd,  
 And all the lovely Prospect smil'd ;  
 Then, MARY ! 'mid my lightsome glee  
 I heav'd the painless SIGH for thee !

And when, along the waves of woe,  
 My harass'd Heart was doom'd to know  
 The frantic Burst of Outrage keen,  
 And the slow Pang that gnaws unseen ;  
 Then shipwreck'd on Life's stormy sea  
 I heav'd an anguish'd SIGH for thee !

But soon Reflection's power imprest  
 A stiller sadness on my breast ;  
 And sickly Hope with waning eye  
 Was well content to droop and die :  
 I yielded to the stern decree,  
 Yet heav'd a languid SIGH for thee !

And tho' in distant climes to roam,  
 A Wanderer from my native home,  
 I fain would sooth the sense of Care  
 And lull to sleep the Joys, that were !  
 Thy Image may not banish'd be ——  
 Still, MARY ! still I SIGH for thee.

*JUNE, 1794.*

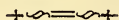
## EFFUSION XXXIII.



TO

*A YOUNG ASS,*

IT'S MOTHER BEING TETHERED NEAR IT.



**P**oor little Foal of an oppressed Race!  
 I love the languid Patience of thy face :  
 And oft with gentle hand I give thee bread,  
 And clap thy ragged Coat, and pat thy head.  
 But what thy dulled Spirits hath dismay'd,  
 That never thou dost sport along the glade ?  
 And (most unlike the nature of things young)  
 That earth-ward still thy moveless head is hung ?  
 Do thy prophetic Fears anticipate,  
 Meek Child of Misery ! thy future fate ? —

The starving meal, and all the thousand aches  
 " Which patient Merit of th' Unworthy takes ?"  
 Or is thy sad heart thrill'd with filial pain  
 To see thy wretched MOTHER's shorten'd Chain ?  
 And truly, very piteous is *her* Lot —  
 Chain'd to a Log within a narrow spot  
 Where the close-eaten Grass is scarcely seen,  
 While sweet around her waves the tempting Green !  
 Poor Ass ! her Master should have learnt to shew  
 Pity — best taught by fellowship of woe !  
 For much I fear, that He lives, ev'n as she,  
 Half-famish'd in a land of luxury !

How *askingly* It's footsteps t'ward me bend ?  
 It seems to say, " And have I then *one* Friend ?"  
 Innocent Foal ! thou poor despis'd Forlorn !  
 I hail thee BROTHER — spite of the fool's scorn !

And fain would take thee with me, in the Dell  
 Of Peace and mild Equality to dwell,  
 Where TOIL shall call the charmer HEALTH his Bride,  
 And LAUGHTER tickle PLENTY's ribbles side!  
 How thou wouldst tofs thy heels in gamesome play,  
 And frisk about, as Lamb or Kitten gay!  
 Yea! and more musically fweet to me  
 Thy diffonant harsh Bray of Joy would be,  
 Than warbled Melodies that sooth to rest  
 The tumult of some SCOUNDREL Monarch's breast!



## EFFUSION XXXIV.

## TO AN INFANT.

A H cease thy Tears and Sobs, my little Life !  
 I did but snatch away the unclasp'd Knife :  
 Some safer Toy will soon arrest thine eye  
 And to quick Laughter change this peevish cry !  
 Poor Stumbler on the rocky coast of Woe,  
 Tutor'd by Pain each source of Pain to know !  
 Alike the foodful fruit and scorching fire  
 Awake thy eager grasp and young desire :  
 Alike the Good, the Ill offend thy sight,  
 And rouse the stormy Sense of shrill Affright !  
 Untaught, yet wise ! mid all thy brief alarms  
 Thou closely clingest to thy Mother's arms,  
 Nestling thy little face in that fond breast  
 Whose anxious Heavings lull thee to thy rest !

Man's breathing Miniature ! thou mak'st me sigh—  
 A Babe art thou — and such a Thing am I !  
 To anger rapid and as soon appeas'd,  
 For trifles mourning and by trifles pleas'd,  
 Break Friendship's Mirror with a tetchy blow,  
 Yet snatch what coals of fire on Pleasure's altar glow !  
 O thou that rearest with celestial aim  
 The future Seraph in my mortal frame,  
 Thrice holy FAITH ! whatever thorns I meet  
 As on I totter with unpractis'd feet,  
 Still let me stretch my arms and cling to thee,  
 Meek Nurse of Souls thro' their long Infancy !

## EFFUSION XXXV.



COMPOSED

AUGUST 20th, 1795,

AT CLEVEDON, SOMERSETSHIRE.



**M**Y penfive SARA ! thy soft cheek reclin'd  
 Thus on mine arm, most soothing sweet it is  
 To sit beside our cot, our cot o'er grown  
 With white-flower'd Jasmin, and the broad-leav'd  
     Myrtle,  
 (Meet emblems they of Innocence and Love !)  
 And watch the clouds, that late were rich with light,  
 Slow-fad'ning round, and mark the star of eve  
 Serenely brilliant (such should Wisdom be)

Shine opposite ! How exquisite the scents  
 Snatch'd from yon bean-field ! and the world so hush'd !  
 The stilly murmur of the distant Sea  
 Tells us of Silence. And that simplest Lute  
 Plac'd length-ways in the clasping casement, hark !  
 How by the desultory breeze carefs'd,  
 Like some coy Maid half-yielding to her Lover,  
 It pours such sweet upbraidings, as must needs  
 Tempt to repeat the wrong ! And now its strings  
 Boldlier swept, the long sequacious notes  
 Over delicious surges sink and rise,  
 Such a soft floating witchery of sound  
 As twilight Elfin make, when they at eve  
 Voyage on gentle gales from Faery Land,

Where *Melodies* round honey-dropping flowers  
 Footless and wild, like birds of Paradise,  
 Nor pause nor perch, hov'ring on untam'd wing.

And thus, my Love! as on the midway slope  
 Of yonder hill I stretch my limbs at noon  
 Whilst thro' my half-clos'd eyelids I behold  
 The sunbeams dance, like diamonds, on the main,  
 And tranquil muse upon tranquillity;  
 Full many a thought uncall'd and undetain'd,  
 And many idle flitting phantasies,  
 Traverse my indolent and passive brain  
 As wild and various, as the random gales  
 That swell or flutter on this subject Lute!  
 And what if all of animated nature  
 Be but organic Harps diversly fram'd,

That tremble into thought, as o'er them sweeps,  
 Plastic and vast, one intellectual Breeze,  
 At once the Soul of each, and God of all ?  
 But thy more serious eye a mild reproof  
 Darts, O beloved Woman ! nor such thoughts  
 Dim and unhallow'd dost thou not reject,  
 And biddest me walk humbly with my God.

Meek Daughter in the Family of Christ,  
 Well hast thou said and holily disprais'd  
 These shapings of the unregenerate mind,  
 Bubbles that glitter as they rise and break  
 On vain Philosophy's aye-babbling spring.  
 For never guiltless may I speak of Him,  
 Th' INCOMPREHENSIBLE ! save when with awe  
 I praise him, and with Faith that inly\* *feels*:

Who with his saving mercies healed me,  
A sinful and most miserable man  
Wilder'd and dark, and gave me to possess  
PEACE, and this COY, and THEE, heart-honor'd Maid!

*~~~~~*

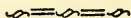
## EFFUSION XXXVI.



WRITTEN

IN EARLY YOUTH,

THE TIME,

*AN AUTUMNAL EVENING.*

**O** Thou wild FANCY, check thy wing ! No more  
 Those thin white flakes, those purple clouds explore !  
 Nor there with happy spirits speed thy flight  
 Bath'd in rich amber-glowing floods of light ;  
 Nor in yon gleam, where flow descends the day,  
 With western peasants hail the morning ray !  
 Ah ! rather bid the perish'd pleasures move,  
 A shadowy train, across the soul of Love !

O'er Disappointment's wintry desert fling  
 Each flower, that wreath'd the dewy locks of SPRING,  
 When blushing, like a bride, from Hope's trim bower  
 She leapt, awaken'd by the pattering shower.

Now sheds the sinking Sun a deeper gleam,  
 Aid, lovely Sorcerers! aid thy Poet's dream!  
 With faery wand O bid the MAID arise,  
 Chaste Joyance dancing in her bright-blue eyes;  
 As erst when from the Muses' calm abode  
 I came, with Learning's meed not unbestow'd:  
 When, as she twin'd a laurel round my brow,  
 And met my kifs, and half return'd my vow,  
 O'er all my frame shot rapid my thrill'd heart,  
 And every nerve confess'd the electric dart.

O dear Deceit ! I see the Maiden rise,  
 Chaste Joyance dancing in her bright blue Eyes,  
 When first the lark high-foaring swells his throat,  
 Mocks the tir'd eye, and scatters the loud note,  
 I trace her footsteps on the accustom'd lawn,  
 I mark her glancing mid the gleams of dawn.  
 When the bent flower beneath the night-dew weeps  
 And on the lake the silver lustre sleeps,  
 Amid the paly radiance soft and fad  
 She meets my lonely path in moon-beams clad.  
 With her along the streamlet's brink I rove ;  
 With her I lift the warblings of the grove ;  
 And seems in each low wind her voice to float  
 Lone-whispering Pity in each soothing note !

SPIRITS of LOVE ! ye heard her name ! Obey  
 The powerful spell, and to my haunt repair.

Whether on clust'ring pinions ye are there,  
 Where rich snows blossom on the Myrtle trees,  
 Or with fond languishment around my fair  
 Sigh in the loose luxuriance of her hair ;  
 O heed the spell, and hither wing your way,  
 Like far-off music, voyaging the breeze !  
 SPIRITS ! to you the infant Maid was given  
 Form'd by the wond'rous Alchemy of Heaven !  
 No fairer Maid does Love's wide empire know,  
 No fairer Maid e'er heav'd the bosom's snow.  
 A thousand Loves around her forehead fly ;  
 A thousand Loves sit melting in her eye ;  
 Love lights her smile — in Joy's bright nectar dips  
 The flaming rose, and plants it on her lips !  
 Tender, serene, and all devoid of guile,  
 Soft is her soul, as sleeping infants' smile :

She speaks ! and hark that passion-warbled song —  
 Still, Fancy ! still those mazy notes prolong.  
 Sweet as th' angelic harps, whose rapturous falls  
 Awake the soften'd echoes of Heaven's Halls !

O (have I sigh'd) were mine the wizard's rod,  
 Or mine the power of Proteus, changeful God !  
 A flower-entangled ARBOUR I would seem  
 To shield my Love from Noontide's fultry beam :  
 Or bloom a MYRTLE, from whose od'rous boughs  
 My Love might weave gay garlands for her brows.  
 When Twilight stole across the fading vale,  
 To fan my Love I'd be the EVENING GALE ;  
 Mourn in the soft folds of her swelling vest,  
 And flutter my faint pinions on her breast !  
 On Seraph wing I'd float a DREAM, by night,  
 To soothe my Love with shadows of delight : —

Or soar aloft to be the SPANGLED SKIES,  
And gaze upon her with a thousand eyes!

As when the Savage, who his drowfy frame  
Had bask'd beneath the Sun's unclouded flame,  
Awakes amid the troubles of the air,  
The skiey deluge, and white lightning's glare —  
Aghast he scours before the tempest's sweep,  
And sad recalls the sunny hour of sleep : —  
So tost by storms along Life's wild'ring way  
Mine eye reverted views that cloudless day,  
When by my native brook I wont to rove  
While Hope with kisses nurs'd the Infant Love.

Dear native brook ! like PEACE, so placidly  
Smoothing thro' fertile fields thy current meek !

Dear native brook ! where first young POESY  
 Star'd wildly-eager in her noontide dream,  
 Where BLAMELESS PLEASURES dimple QUIET's cheek,  
 As water-lilies ripple a flow stream !

Dear native haunts ! where Virtue still is gay :  
 Where Friendship's fix'd-star sheds a mellow'd ray ;  
 Where LOVE a crown of thornless Roses wears :  
 Where soften'd SORROW smiles within her tears ;  
 And Mem'ry, with a VESTAL's chaste employ,  
 Unceasing feeds the lambent flame of Joy !

No more your sky-larks melting from the sight  
 Shall thrill th' attuned heart-string with delight : —  
 No more shall deck your pensive Pleasures sweet  
 With wreaths of sober hue my evening feat.

Yet dear to Fancy's eye your varied scene  
 Of wood, hill, dale, and sparkling brook between !

Yet sweet to Fancy's ear the warbled song,  
That soars on Morning's wing your vales among.

Scenes of my Hope ! the aking eye ye leave  
Like yon bright hues that paint the clouds of eve !  
Tearful and sad'ning with the sadden'd blaze  
Mine eye the gleam pursues with wistful gaze :  
Sees shades on shades with deeper tint impend,  
Till chill and damp the moonless night descend.

~~~~~

Poetical Epistles.

Good verse *most* good, and bad verse then seems better  
Receiv'd from absent friend by way of Letter.  
For what so sweet can labor'd lays impart  
As one rude rhyme warm from a friendly heart ?

ANON.

## EPISTLE I.



WRITTEN AT

SHURTON BARS, NEAR BRIDGEWATER,

·     *S E P T E M B E R.* 1795,

IN ANSWER TO

A LETTER FROM BRISTOL.



**N**OR travels my meand'ring eye

The starry wilderness on high;

Nor now with curious sight

I mark the glow-worm, as I pass,

Move with "green\* radiance" thro' the grass,

An EMERALD of Light.

O ever-present to my view !

My wafted spirit is with you,

And soothes your boding fears :

I see you all oppress'd with gloom

Sit lonely in that cheerless room —

Ah me ! You are in tears !

Beloved Woman ! did you fly

Chill'd Friendship's dark disliking eye,

Or Mirth's untimely din ?

With cruel weight these trifles press

A temper sore with Tendernefs,

When akes the Void within.

But why with fable wand unblest

Should Fancy rouse within my breast

Dim-visag'd shapes of Dread ?

Untenanting it's beauteous clay  
 My SARA's soul has wing'd it's way,  
 And hovers round my head !

I felt it prompt the tender Dream,  
 When slowly sunk the day's last gleam ;  
 You rous'd each gentler sense  
 As fighting o'er the Blossom's bloom  
 Meek Evening wakes it's soft perfume  
 With viewless influence.

And hark, my Love ! The sea-breeze moans  
 Thro' yon reft house ! O'er rolling stones  
 In bold ambitious sweep

The onward-furging tides supply

The silence of the cloudless sky

With mimic thunders deep.

Dark-red'ning from the channel'd\* Isle

(Where stands one solitary pile

Unslated by the blast)

The Watchfire, like a fullen star

Twinkles to many a dozing Tar

Rude cradled on the mast.

Ev'n there — beneath that light-house tower —

In the tumultuous evil hour

Ere Peace with SARA came,

\* The Holmes, in the Bristol Channel.

Time was, I should have thought it sweet  
 To count the echoings of my feet,  
 And watch the storm-vex'd flame.

And there in black foul-jaundic'd fit  
 A sad gloom-pamper'd Man to fit,  
 And listen to the roar :  
 When mountain Surges bellowing deep  
 With an uncouth monster leap  
 Plung'd foaming on the shore.

Then by the Lightning's blaze to mark  
 Some toiling tempest-shatter'd bark :  
 Her vain distress-guns hear :

And when a second sheet of light  
Flash'd o'er the blackness of the night —  
To see *no* Vessel there !

But Fancy now more gaily sings ;  
Or if awhile she droop her wings,  
As sky-larks mid the corn,  
On summer fields she grounds her breast :  
Th' oblivious Poppy o'er her nest  
Nods, till returning morn.

O mark those smiling tears, that swell  
The open'd Rose ! From heaven they fell,  
And with the sun-beam blend.  
Blest visitations from above,  
Such are the tender woes of Love  
Fost'ring the heart, they bend !

When stormy Midnight howling round  
Beats on our roof with clatt'ring sound,

To me your arms you'll stretch :  
Great God ! you'll say — To us so kind,  
O shelter from this loud bleak wind

The houseless, friendless wretch !

The tears that tremble down your cheek,  
Shall bathe my kisses chaste and meek

In Pity's dew divine ;  
And from your heart the sighs that steal  
Shall make your rising bosom feel

The answ'ring swell of mine !

How oft, my Love ! with shapings sweet  
I paint the moment, we shall meet !

With eager speed I dart ——

I seize you in the vacant air,  
 And fancy, with a Husband's care  
 I press you to my heart !

'Tis said, on Summer's evening hour  
 Flashes the\* golden-colour'd flower  
 A fair electric flame.

And so shall flash my love-charg'd eye  
 When all the heart's big ecstasy  
 Shoots rapid thro' the frame !

\* Note 13.

*unpublished*

## EPISTLE II.



*TO A FRIEND,*

IN ANSWER TO

A MELANCHOLY LETTER.



**A**WAY, those cloudy looks, that lab'ring sigh,  
 The peevish offspring of a sickly hour !  
 Nor meanly thus complain of Fortune's power,  
 When the blind Gamester throws a luckless die.

Yon setting Sun flashes a mournful gleam  
 Behind those broken clouds, his stormy train :

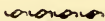
To-morrow shall the many-color'd main  
In brightness roll beneath his orient beam !

Wild, as th' autumnal gust, the hand of TIME  
Flies o'er his mystic lyre : in shadowy dance  
Th' alternate groupes of Joy and Grief advance  
Responsive to his varying strains sublime !

Bears on its wing each hour a load of Fate.  
The Swain, who, lull'd by Seine's mild murmurs, led  
His weary oxen to their nightly shed,  
To-day may rule a tempest-troubled State.

Nor shall not Fortune with a vengeful smile  
Survey the sanguinary Despot's might,  
And haply hurl the Pageant from his height  
Unwept to wander in some savage isle.

There shiv'ring sad beneath the tempest's frown  
Round his tir'd limbs to wrap the purple vest ;  
And mix'd with nails and beads, an equal jest !  
Barter for food, the jewels of his crown.



## EPISTLE III.



WRITTEN AFTER

## A WALK BEFORE SUPPER.



**T**HO' much averse, dear Jack, to flicker,  
 To find a likeness for friend V—ker, *? Flicker.*  
 I've made thro' Earth, and Air, and 'Sea,  
 A Voyage of Discovery !  
 And let me add (to ward off strife)  
 For V—ker and for V—ker's Wife—  
 SHE large and round beyond belief,  
 A superfluity of Beef !  
 Her mind and body of a piece,  
 And both compos'd of kitchen-grease.

In short, Dame Truth might safely dub her  
Vulgarity enfrin'd in blubber !

He, meagre Bit of Littleness,  
All snuff, and musk, and politesse ;  
So thin, that strip him of his cloathing,  
He'd totter on the edge of NOTHING !  
In case of foe, he well might hide  
Snug in the collops of her side.

Ah then what simile will suit ?  
Spindle leg in great jack-boot ?  
Pismire crawling in a rut ?  
Or a spigot in a butt ?  
Thus I humm'd and ha'd awhile,  
When Madam Memory with a smile  
Thus twitch'd my ear — “ Why sure, I ween,  
“ In London streets thou oft hast seen

“ The very image of this Pair :

“ A little Ape with huge She Bear

“ Link'd by hapless chain together :

“ An unlick'd mass the one — the other

“ An antic huge with nimble crupper —

But stop, my Muse ! for here comes Supper.

*~~~~~*

## EPISTLE IV.



TO THE

AUTHOR OF POEMS

PUBLISHED ANONYMOUSLY

AT BRISTOL,

IN SEPTEMBER, 1795.



UNBOASTFUL BARD ! whose verse concise yet  
clear

Tunes to smoothe melody unconquer'd sense

May your fame fadeless live, as "never-fere"

The Ivy wreathes yon Oak, whose broad defence

Embow'rs me from Noon's sultry influence !

For, like that nameless Riv'let stealing by,  
 Your modest verse to musing Quiet dear  
 Is rich with tints heaven-borrow'd: the charm'd eye  
 Shall gaze undazzled there, and love the soften'd sky.

Circling the base of the Poetic mount  
 A stream there is, which rolls in lazy flow  
 It's coal-black waters from OBLIVION's fount:  
 The vapor-poison'd Birds, that fly too low,  
 Fall with dead swoop, and to the bottom go.  
 Escap'd that heavy stream on pinion fleet  
 Beneath the Mountain's lofty-frowning brow,  
 Ere aught of perilous ascent you meet,  
 A mead of mildest charm delays th' unlabring feet.  
 Not there the cloud-climb'd rock, sublime and vast,  
 That like some giant king, o'er glooms the hill;

Nor there the Pine-grove to the midnight blast  
 Makes solemn music ! But th' unceasing rill  
 To the soft Wren or Lark's descending trill  
 Murmurs sweet underfong mid jasmin bowers.  
 In this same pleasant meadow, at your will ;  
 I ween, you wander'd — there collecting flow'rs  
 Of sober tint, and herbs of med'cinable powers !

There for the monarch-murder'd Soldier's tomb  
 You wove th' unfinish'd\* wreath of saddest hues ;  
 And to that holier† chaplet added bloom  
 Besprinkling it with JORDAN's cleansing dew.  
 But lo your ‡HENDERSON awakes the Muse ——

\* War, a Fragment.      † John the Baptist, a Poem.

‡ Monody on John Henderson.

His Spirit beckon'd from the mountain's height !  
 You left the plain and soar'd 'mid richer views !  
 So Nature mourn'd, when sunk the First Day's light,  
 With stars, unseen before, spangling her robe of night !

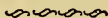
Still soar my FRIEND those richer views among,  
 Strong, rapid, fervent, flashing Fancy's beam !  
 Virtue and Truth shall love your gentler song ;  
 But Poesy demands th' impasion'd theme :  
 Wak'd by Heaven's silent dew's at Eve's mild gleam  
 What balmy sweets POMONA breathes around !  
 But if the next air rush a stormy stream  
 Or Autumn's shrill gust moan in plaintive sound  
 With fruits and flowers she loads the tempest honor'd  
 ground.

~~~~~

## EPISTLE V.



THE PRODUCTION OF  
 A Y O U N G L A D Y,  
 ADDRESSED TO THE  
 A U T H O R O F T H E P O E M S  
 ALLUDED TO  
 IN THE PRECEEDING EPISTLE.



*She had lost her Silver Thimble, and her complaint  
 being accidentally overheard by him, her Friend,  
 he immediately sent her four others to take her  
 choice of.*



AS oft mine eye with careless glance  
 Has gallop'd thro' some old romance,

Of speaking Birds and Steeds with wings,  
 Giants and Dwarfs, and Fiends and Kings;  
 Beyond the rest with more attentive care  
 I've lov'd to read of elfin-favor'd Fair ——  
 How if she long'd for aught beneath the sky  
 And suffer'd to escape one votive sigh,  
 Wafted along on viewless pinions aery  
 It lay'd itself obsequious at her Feet :  
 Such things, I thought, one might not hope to meet  
 Save in the dear delicious land of Faery !  
 But now (by proof I know it well)  
 There's still some peril in free wishing ——  
*Politeness* is a licenc'd *spell*  
 And *you*, dear Sir ! the Arch-magician.

You much perplex'd me by the various set :  
 They were indeed an elegant quartette !

My mind went to and fro, and waver'd long ;  
 At length I've chosen (Samuel thinks me wrong)  
*That*, around whose azure rim  
 Silver figures seem to swim,  
 Like fleece-white clouds, that on the skiey Blue,  
 Wak'd by no breeze, the self-same shapes retain ;  
 Or ocean Nymphs with limbs of snowy hue  
 Slow-floating o'er the calm cerulean plain.

Just such a one, *mon cher ami*  
 (The finger shield of industry)  
 Th' inventive Gods, I deem, to Pallas gave  
 What time the vain Arachne, madly brave,  
 Challeng'd the blue-eyed Virgin of the sky  
 A duel in embroider'd work to try.  
 And hence the thimble Finger of grave Pallas  
 To th' erring Needle's point was more than callous.

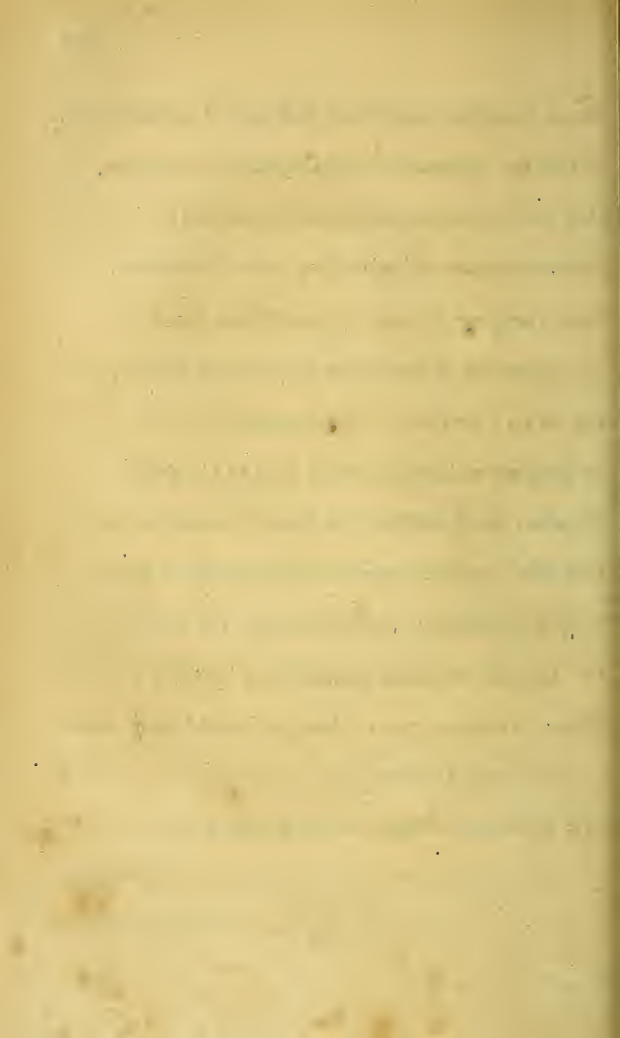
But ah the poor Arachne ! She unarm'd  
 Blund'ring thro' hasty eagerness, alarm'd  
 With all a *Rival's* hopes, a *Mortal's* fears,  
 Still mis'd the stitch, and stain'd the web with tears.  
 Unnumber'd punctures small yet fore  
 Full fretfully the maiden bore,  
 Till she her lily finger found  
 Crimson'd with many a tiny wound ;  
 And to her eyes, suffus'd with watry woe,  
 Her flower-embroider'd web danc'd dim, I wist,  
 Like blossom'd shrubs in a quick-moving mist :  
 Till vanquish'd the despairing Maid sunk low.

O Bard ! whom sure no common Muse inspires,  
 I heard your Verse that glows with vestal fires !  
 And I from unwatch'd needle's erring point  
 Had surely suffer'd on each finger joint

Those wounds, which erst did poor Arachne meet ;  
 While he, the much-lov'd Object of my Choice,  
 (My bosom thrilling with enthusiast heat)  
 Pour'd on mine ear with deep impressivè voice,  
 How the great Prophet of the Desert stood  
 And preach'd of Penitence by Jordan's Flood ;  
 On WAR ; or else the legendary lays  
 In simplest measures hymn'd to ALLA's praise ;  
 Or what the Bard from his heart's inmost stores  
 O'er his *Friend's* grave in loftier numbers pours :  
 Yes, Bard Polite ! you but obeyed the laws  
 Of Justice, when the thimble you had sent ;  
 What wounds, your thought-bewildering Muse  
     might cause  
 'Tis well, your finger-shielding gifts prevent.

SARA.

~~~~~



**Religious Musings.**

What tho' first,

In years unseason'd, I attun'd the Lay

To idle Passion and unreal Woe?

Yet serious Truth her empire o'er my song

Hath now asserted: Falshood's evil brood,

Vice and deceitful Pleasure, She at once

Excluded, and my Fancy's careless toil

Drew to the better cause!

AKENSIDE.

## ARGUMENT.

*Introduction. Person of Christ. His Prayer on  
the Cross. The process of his Doctrines on the  
mind of the Individual. Character of the Elect.  
Superstition. Digression to the present War.  
Origin and Uses of Government and Property.  
The present State of Society. French Revolution.  
Millenium. Universal Redemption. Conclusion.*



## RELIGIOUS MUSINGS

*A DESULTORY POEM,*

WRITTEN

*ON CHRISTMAS' EVE,*

IN THE YEAR OF OUR LORD, 1794.



**T**HIS is the time, when most divine to hear,  
 As with a Cherub's "loud uplifted" trump  
 The voice of Adoration my thrill'd heart  
 Rouses! And with the rushing noise of wings  
 Transports my spirit to the favor'd fields  
 Of Bethlehem, there in shepherd's guise to fit

Sublime of extacy, and mark entranc'd

The glory-streaming VISION throng the night.

Ah not more radiant, nor loud harmonies

Hymning more unimaginably sweet

10

With choral songs around th' ETERNAL MIND,

The constellated company of WORLDS

Danc'd jubilant : what time the startling East

Saw from her dark womb leap her flamy Child!

Glory to God in the Highest! PEACE on Earth! 15

Yet Thou more bright than all that Angel Blaze,

Despised GALILEAN! Man of Woes!

For chiefly in the oppressed Good Man's face

The Great Invifible (by fymbols feen)

Shines with peculiar and concentr'd light,

When all of Self regardless the scourg'd Saint  
 Mourns for th' Oppressor. O thou meekest Man! 25  
 Meek Man and lowliest of the Sons of Men!  
 Who thee beheld thy imag'd Father saw.  
 His Power and Wisdom from thy awful eye  
 Blended their beams, and loftier Love fate there  
 Musing on human weal, and that dread hour 30  
 When thy insulted Anguish wing'd the prayer  
 Harp'd by Archangels, when they sing of Mercy!  
 Which when th' ALMIGHTY heard, from forth his  
 Throne  
 Diviner light flash'd extacy o'er Heaven!  
 Heav'n's hymnings paus'd: and Hell her yawning  
 mouth 35  
 Clos'd a brief moment.

Lovely was the Death

Of Him, whose Life was Love ! Holy with power  
 He on the thought-benighted Sceptic beam'd  
 Manifest Godhead, melting into day 40  
 What Mists dim-floating of Idolatry  
 Split and mishap'd the Omnipresent Sire :  
 And first by TERROR, Mercy's startling prelude,  
 Uncharm'd the Spirit spell-bound with earthy lusts  
 Till of it's nobler Nature it 'gan feel 45  
 Dim recollections ; and thence soar'd to HOPE,  
 Strong to believe whate'er of mystic good  
 Th' ETERNAL dooms for his IMMORTAL Sons.  
 From HOPE and stronger FAITH to perfect LOVE  
 Attracted and absorb'd : and center'd there 50  
 GOD only to behold, and know, and feel,  
 Till by exclusive Consciousness of GOD

All self-annihilated it shall make

GOD it's Identity : God all in all !

We and our Father ONE !

55

And blest are they,

Who in this fleshly World, the elect of Heaven,

Their strong eye darting thro' the deeds of Men

Adore with stedfast unpresuming gaze

Him, Nature's Essence, Mind, and Energy ! 60

And gazing, trembling, patiently ascend

Treading beneath their feet all visible things

As steps, that upward to their Father's Throne

Lead gradual — else nor glorified nor lov'd.

THEY nor Contempt imbosom nor Revenge : 65

For THEY dare know of what may seem deform

The SUPREME FAIR sole Operant : in whose sight

All things are pure, his strong controlling Love  
 Alike from all educating perfect good.

Their's too celestial courage, inly arm'd — 70  
 Dwarfing Earth's giant brood, what time they muse  
 On their great Father, great beyond compare!  
 And marching onwards view high o'er their heads  
 His waving Banners of Omnipotence.

Who the Creator love, created might 75  
 Dread not: within their tents no Terrors walk.  
 For they are Holy Things before the Lord  
 Aye-unprofan'd, tho' Earth should league with Hell!  
 God's Altar grasping with an eager hand  
 FEAR, the wild-vifag'd, pale, eye-starting wretch, 80  
 Sure-refug'd hears his hot pursuing fiends

Yell at vain distance. Soon refresh'd from Heaven  
 He calms the throb and tempest of his heart.  
 His countenance settles : a soft solemn bliss  
 Swims in his eye : his swimming eye uprais'd : 85  
 And Faith's whole armour glitters on his limbs !  
 And thus transfigured with a dreadful awe,  
 A solemn hush of soul, meek he beholds  
 All things of terrible seeming. Yea, and there,  
 Unshudder'd, unaghast, he shall view 90  
 E'en the SEVEN SPIRITS, who in the latter day  
 Will shower hot pestilence on the sons of men.  
 For he shall know, his heart shall understand,  
 That kindling with intenser Deity  
 They from the MERCY-SEAT — like rosy flames, 95  
 From God's celestial MERCY-SEAT will flash,  
 And at the wells of renovating LOVE

Fill their Seven Vials with salutary wrath,  
 To sickly Nature more medicinal  
 That what soft balm the weeping good man pours 100  
 Into the lone despoiled trav'ler's wounds !

Thus from th' Elect, regenerate thro' faith,  
 Pass the dark Passions and what thirsty Cares  
 Drink up the spirit and the dim regards  
 Self-center. Lo they vanish ! or acquire 105  
 New names, new features — by supernal grace  
 Enrob'd with Light, and naturaliz'd in Heaven.  
 As when a Shepherd on a vernal morn  
 Thro' some thick fog creeps tim'rous with slow foot,  
 Darkling he fixes on th' immediate road 110  
 His downward eye : all else of fairest kind  
 Hid or deform'd. But lo, the bursting Sun !

Touch'd by th' enchantment of that sudden beam  
 Strait the black vapor melteth, and in globes  
 Of dewy glitter gems each plant and tree: 115  
 On every leaf, on every blade it hangs!  
 Dance glad the new-born intermingling rays,  
 And wide around the landscape streams with glory!

There is one Mind, one omnipresent Mind,  
 Omnific. His most holy name is LOVE. 120  
 Truth of subliming import! with the which  
 Who feeds and saturates his constant soul,  
 He from his small particular orbit flies  
 With blest outstarting! From HIMSELF he flies,  
 Stands in the Sun, and with no partial gaze 125  
 Views all creation, and he loves it all,  
 And blesses it, and calls it very good!

This is indeed to dwell with the most High !  
 Cherubs and rapture-trembling Seraphim  
 Can press no nearer to th' Almighty's Throne. 130  
 But that we roam unconscious, or with hearts  
 Unfeeling of our universal Sire,  
 And that in his vast family no Cain  
 Injures uninjur'd (in her best-aim'd blow  
 Victorious MURDER a blind Suicide) 135  
 Haply for this some younger Angel now  
 Looks down on Human Nature : and, behold !  
 A sea of blood bestrew'd with wrecks, where mad  
 Embattling INTERESTS on each other rush  
 With unhelm'd Rage ! 140

'Tis the sublime of man,  
 Our noontide Majesty, to know ourselves

Parts and proportions of one wond'rous whole :  
 This fraternizes man, this constitutes  
 Our charities and bearings. But 'tis God 145  
 Diffus'd thro' all, that doth make all one whole ;  
 This the worst superstition, him except,  
 Aught to desire, SUPREME REALITY !  
 The plenitude and permanence of blifs !  
 O Fiends of SUPERSTITION ! not that oft 150  
 Your pitiless rites have floated with man's blood  
 The skull-pil'd Temple, not for this shall wrath  
 Thunder against you from the Holy One !  
 But (whether ye th' unclimbing Bigot mock  
 With secondary Gods, or if more pleas'd 155  
 Ye petrify th' imbrothell'd Atheist's heart,  
 The Atheist your worst slave) I o'er some plain  
 Peopled with Death, and to the silent Sun

Steaming with tyrant-murder'd multitudes ;  
 Or where mid groans and shrieks loud-laughing

## TRADE

160

More hideous packs his bales of living anguish ;  
 I will raise up a mourning, O ye Fiends !  
 And curse your spells, that film the eye of Faith ;  
 Hiding the present God, whose presence lost,  
 The moral world's cohesion, we become 165  
 An Anarchy of Spirits ! Toy-bewitch'd,  
 Made blind by lusts, disherited of soul  
 No common center Man, no common fire  
 Knoweth ! A fordid solitary thing,  
 Mid countless brethren with a lonely heart 170  
 Thro' courts and cities the smooth Savage roams  
 Feeling himself, his own low Self the whole,  
 When he by sacred sympathy might make

The whole ONE SELF! SELF, that no alien knows!

SELF, far diffus'd as Fancy's wing can travel! 175

SELF, spreading still! Oblivious of it's own,

Yet all of all possessing! This is FAITH!

This the MESSIAH's destin'd victory!

But first offences needs must come! Even now

(Black Hell laughs horrible — to hear the scoff!) 180

THEE to defend, meek Galilæan! THEE

And thy mild laws of Love unutterable,

Mistrust and Enmity have burst the bands

Of social Peace; and lift'ning Treachery lurks

With *pious* fraud to snare a brother's life; 185

And childless widows o'er the groaning land

Wail numberless; and orphans weep for bread!

THEE to defend, dear Saviour of Mankind!

Pitching his tent where'er the green grafs wav'd. 220  
 But foon Imagination conjur'd up  
 An hoft of new defires : with bufy aim,  
 Each for himfelf, Earth's eager children toil'd.  
 So PROPERTY began, twy-ftreaming fount,  
 Whence Vice and Virtue flow, honey and gall. 225  
 Hence the foft couch, and many-colour'd robe,  
 The timbrel, and arch'd dome and coftly feaft  
 With all th' inventive arts, that nurs'd the foul  
 To forms of beauty, and by fenfual wants  
 Unfenfualiz'd the mind, which in the means 230  
 Learnt to forget the grofsnefs of the end,  
 Beft-pleasur'd with it's own activity.  
 And hence Difefe that withers manhood's arm,  
 The dagger'd Envy, fpirit-quenching Want,  
 Warriors, and Lords, and Priests—all the fore ills 235

That vex and desolate our mortal life.

Wide-wasting ills ! yet each th' immediate source  
 Of mightier good. Their keen necessities  
 To ceaseless action goading human thought  
 Have made Earth's reasoning animal her Lord ; 240  
 And the pale-featur'd Sage's trembling hand  
 Strong as an host of armed Deities !

From Avarice thus, from Luxury and War  
 Sprang heavenly Science : and from Science Freedom.  
 O'er waken'd realms Philosophers and Bards 245  
 Spread in concentric circles : they whose souls  
 Conscious of their high dignities from God  
 Brook not Wealth's rivalry ; and they who long  
 Enamour'd with the charms of order hate  
 Th' unseemly disproportion ; and whoe'er 250  
 Turn with mild sorrow from the victor's car

And the low puppetry of thrones, to muse  
 On that blest triumph, when the PATRIOT SAGE  
 Call'd the red lightnings from th' o'er-rushing cloud  
 And dash'd the beauteous Terrors on the earth 255  
 Smiling majestic. Such a phalanx ne'er  
 Measur'd firm paces to the calming sound  
 Of Spartan flute! These on the fated day,  
 When stung to rage by Pity eloquent men  
 Have rous'd with pealing voice th' unnumber'd tribes 260  
 That toil and groan and bleed, hungry and blind,  
 These hush'd awhile with patient eye serene  
 Shall watch the mad careering of the storm ;  
 Then o'er the wild and wavy chaos rush  
 And tame th' outrageous mafs, with plastic might 265  
 Moulding Confusion to fuch perfect forms,  
 As erst were wont, bright visions of the day !

To float before them, when, the Summer noon,  
 Beneath some arch'd romantic rock reclin'd  
 They felt the sea-breeze lift their youthful locks, 270  
 Or in the month of blossoms, at mild eve,  
 Wandering with desultory feet inhal'd  
 The wafted perfumes, and the flocks and woods  
 And many-tinted streams and setting Sun  
 With all his gorgeous company of clouds 275  
 Extatic gaz'd ! then homeward as they stray'd  
 Cast the sad eye to earth, and inly mus'd  
 Why there was Misery in a world so fair.

Ah far remov'd from all that glads the sense,  
 From all that softens or ennobles Man, 280  
 The wretched Many ! Bent beneath their loads  
 They gape at pageant Power, nor recognize  
 Their cots' transmuted plunder ! From the tree

Of Knowledge, ere the vernal sap had risen,  
 Rudely disbranch'd ! O *blest* Society ! 285  
 Fitliest depictur'd by some sun-scorcht waste,  
 Where oft majestic thro' the tainted noon  
 The SIMOOM fails, before whose purple pomp  
 Who falls not prostrate dies ! And where, by night,  
 Fast by each precious fountain on green herbs 290  
 The lion couches ; or hyæna dips  
 Deep in the lucid stream his bloody jaws ;  
 Or serpent rolls his vast moon-glittering bulk,  
 Caught in whose monstrous twine Behemoth yells,  
 His bones loud crashing ! 295

O ye numberless,

Whom foul Oppression's ruffian gluttony  
 Drives from life's plenteous feast ! O thou poor  
 Wretch,

Who nurs'd in darkness and made wild by want  
 Doft roam for prey, yea thy unnatural hand 300  
 Lifest to deeds of blood! O pale-eyed Form,  
 The victim of seduction, doom'd to know  
 Polluted nights and days of blasphemy ;  
 Who in loath'd orgies with lewd wassailers  
 Must gaily laugh, while thy remember'd Home 305  
 Gnaws like a viper at thy secret heart !  
 O aged Women ! ye who weekly catch  
 The morsel tost by law-forc'd Charity,  
 And die so slowly, that none call it murder !  
 O loathly-vifag'd Suppliants ! ye that oft 310  
 Rack'd with disease, from the unopen'd gate  
 Of the full Lazar-house, heart-broken crawl !  
 O ye to scepter'd Glory's gore-drench'd field  
 Forc'd or ensnar'd, who swept by Slaughter's scythe,

(Stern nurse of Vultures!) steam in putrid heaps! 315

O thou poor Widow, who in dreams dost view  
 Thy Husband's mangled corse, and from short doze  
 Start'ft with a shriek : or in thy half-thatch'd cot  
 Wak'd by the wintry night-storm, wet and cold,  
 Cow'rest o'er thy screaming baby ! Rest awhile, 320  
 Children of Wretchedness ! More groans must rise,  
 More blood must steam, or ere your wrongs be full.  
 Yet is the day of Retribution nigh :

The Lamb of God hath open'd the fifth seal :

And upward rush on swiftest wing of fire 325

Th' innumerable multitude of Wrongs

By man on man inflicted ! Rest awhile,

Children of Wretchedness ! The hour is nigh :

And lo ! the Great, the Rich, the Mighty Men,

The Kings and the Chief Captains of the World, 330

With all that fix'd on high like stars of Heaven  
 Shot baleful influence, shall be cast to earth,  
 Vile and down-trodden, as the untimely fruit  
 Shook from the fig-tree by a sudden storm.  
 Ev'n now the storm begins : each gentle name, 335  
 Faith and meek Piety, with fearful joy  
 Tremble far-off — for lo ! the Giant FRENZY  
 Uprooting empires with his whirlwind arm  
 Mocketh high Heaven ; burst hideous from the cell  
 Where the old Hag, unconquerable, huge, 340  
 Creation's eyeless drudge, black RUIN, sits  
 Nursing th' impatient earthquake.

O return !

Pure FAITH ! meek PIETY ! The abhorred Form  
 Whose scarlet robe was stiff with earthly pomp, 345  
 Who drank iniquity in cups of gold,

Whose names were many and all blasphemous,  
 Hath met the horrible judgement ! Whence that cry ?  
 The mighty army of foul Spirits shriek'd,  
 Disherited of earth ! For She hath fallen 350  
 On whose black front was written MYSTERY ;  
 She that reel'd heavily, whose wine was blood ;  
 She that work'd whoredom with the DEMON POWER  
 And from the dark embrace all evil things  
 Brought forth and nurtur'd : mitred ATHEISM ; 355  
 And patient FOLLY who on bended knee  
 Gives back the steel that stabb'd him ; and pale FEAR  
 Hunted by ghastlier terrors than surround  
 Moon-blasted Madness when he yells at midnight !  
 Return pure FAITH ! return meek PIETY ! 360  
 The kingdoms of the world are your's : each heart  
 Self-govern'd, the vast family of Love  
 Rais'd from the common earth by common toil

Enjoy the equal produce. Such delights  
 As float to earth, permitted visitants ! 365  
 When on some solemn jubilee of Saints  
 The sapphire-blazing gates of Paradise  
 Are thrown wide open, and thence voyage forth  
 Detachments wild of seraph-warbled airs,  
 And odors snatch'd from beds of amaranth, 370  
 And they, that from the chrystal river of life  
 Spring up on freshen'd wing, ambrosial gales !  
 The favor'd good man in his lonely walk  
 Perceives them, and his silent spirit drinks  
 Strange bliss which he shall recognize in heaven. 375  
 And such delights, such strange beatitude  
 Seize on my young anticipating heart  
 When that blest future rushes on my view !

For in his own and in his Father's might  
 The SAVIOUR comes ! While as to solemn strains 380  
 The THOUSAND YEARS lead up their mystic dance,  
 Old OCEAN claps his hands ! the DESERT shouts !  
 And soft gales wafted from the haunts of Spring  
 Melt the primæval North ! The mighty Dead  
 Rise to new life, whoe'er from earliest time 385  
 With conscious zeal had urg'd Love's wond'rous plan  
 Coadjutors of God. To MILTON's trump  
 The odorous groves of earth reparadis'd  
 Unbosom their glad echoes : inly hush'd  
 Adoring NEWTON his serener eye 390  
 Raises to heaven : and he of mortal kind  
 Wisest, he\* first who mark'd the ideal tribes  
 Down the fine fibres from the sentient brain

\* David Hartley.

Roll subtly-furging. Pressing on his steps  
 Lo! Priestley there, Patriot, and Saint, and Sage, 395  
 Whom that my fleshly eye hath never seen  
 A childish pang of impotent regret  
 Hath thrill'd my heart. Him from his native land  
 Statesmen blood-stain'd and Priests idolatrous  
 By dark lies mad'ning the blind multitude 400  
 Drove with vain hate: calm, pitying he retir'd,  
 And mus'd expectant on these promis'd years.

O Years! the blest preeminence of Saints!  
 Sweeping before the rapt prophetic Gaze  
 Bright as what glories of the jasper throne 405  
 Stream from the gorgeous and face-veiling plumes  
 Of Spirits adoring! Ye, blest Years! must end,  
 And all beyond is darkness! Heights most strange!

Whence Fancy falls, fluttering her idle wing.  
 For who of woman born may paint the hour, 410  
 When seiz'd in his mid course the Sun shall wane  
 Making noon ghastly! Who of woman born  
 May image in his wildly-working thought,  
 How the black-visag'd, red-eyed Fiend outstretch  
 Beneath th' unsteady feet of Nature groans 415  
 In feverish slumbers — destin'd then to wake,  
 When fiery whirlwinds thunder his dread name  
 And Angels shout, DESTRUCTION! How his arm  
 The mighty Spirit lifting high in air  
 Shall swear by Him, the ever-living ONE, 420  
 TIME IS NO MORE!

Believe thou, O my soul,

Life is a vision shadowy of Truth,

And vice, and anguish, and the wormy grave,  
 Shapes of a dream! The veiling clouds retire, 425  
 And lo! the Throne of the redeeming God  
 Forth flashing unimaginable day  
 Wraps in one blaze earth, heaven, and deepest hell.

Contemplant Spirits! ye that hover o'er  
 With untir'd gaze th' immeasurable fount 430  
 Ebullient with creative Deity!  
 And ye of plastic power, that interfus'd  
 Roll thro' the grosser and material mass  
 In organizing surge! Holies of God!  
 (And what if Monads of the infinite mind?) 435  
 I haply journeying my immortal course  
 Shall sometime join your mystic choir! Till then  
 I discipline my young noviciate thought

In ministeries of heart-stirring song,  
 And aye on Meditation's heaven-ward wing 440  
 Soaring aloft I breathe th' empyreal air  
 Of LOVE, omnific, omnipresent LOVE,  
 Whose day-spring rises glorious in my soul  
 As the great Sun, when he his influence  
 Sheds on the frost-bound waters—The glad stream 445  
 Flows to the ray and warbles as it flows.

# N O T E S

ON

## RELIGIOUS MUSINGS.



LINE 8.

And suddenly there was with the Angel a multitude of the heavenly Host, praising God and saying glory to God in the highest and on earth peace.

LUKE II. 13.

LINE 27.

Philip saith unto him, Lord ! shew us the Father and it sufficeth us. Jesus saith unto him, Have I been so long time with you, and yet hast thou not known me, Philip ? He that hath seen me hath seen the Father.

JOHN XIV. 9.

## LINE 91.

And I heard a great voice out of the Temple saying to the seven Angels, pour out the vials of the wrath of God upon the earth.

## REVELATION XVI. 1.

## LINE 193.

That Despot who received the wages of an hireling that he might act the part of a swindler, and who skulked from his impotent attacks on the liberties of France to perpetrate more successful iniquity in the plains of *Poland*.

## LINE 200.

The Father of the present Prince of Hesse Cassel supported himself and his strumpets at Paris by the vast sums which he received from the British Government during the American war for the flesh of his subjects.

## LINE 212.

Art thou not from everlasting, O Lord, mine Holy One? We shall not die. O Lord! thou hast ordained them for judgment, &c.

HABAKKUK I. 12.

## LINE 235.

I deem that the teaching of the gospel for hire is wrong; because it gives the teacher an improper bias in favor of particular opinions on a subject where it is of the last importance that the mind should be perfectly unbiassed. Such is my private opinion; but I mean not to censure all hired teachers, many among whom I know, and venerate as the best and wisest of men—God forbid that I should think of these, when I use the word PRIEST, a name, after which any other term of abhorrence

would appear an anti-climax. By a PRIEST I mean a man who holding the scourge of power in his right hand and a bible (translated by authority) in his left, doth necessarily cause the bible and the scourge to be associated ideas, and so produces that temper of mind that leads to Infidelity — Infidelity which judging of Revelation by the doctrines and practices of established Churches honors God by rejecting Christ. See “Address to the People,” Page 57, sold by Parsons, Paternoster-Row.

LINE 253.

DR. FRANKLIN.

LINE 288.

At eleven o'clock, while we contemplated with great pleasure the rugged top of Chiggre, to which we were fast approaching, and where we were to

solace ourselves with plenty of good water, IDRIS cried out with a loud voice, ‘ Fall upon your faces, ‘ for here is the Simoom.’ I saw from the S. E. an haze come on, in colour like the purple part of the rainbow, but not so compressed or thick.— It did not occupy twenty yards in breadth, and was about twelve feet high from the ground.— We all lay flat on the ground, as if dead, till IDRIS told us it was blown over. The meteor, or purple haze, which I saw, was indeed passed ; but the light air that still blew was of heat to threaten suffocation.

BRUCE’S Travels, vol. 4. page 557.

LINE 294.

Used poetically for a very large quadruped ; but in general it designates the Elephant.

## LINE 324.

See the sixth chapter of the Revelation of St. John the Divine. — And I looked and beheld a pale horse; and his name that sat on him was Death, and Hell followed with him. And power was given unto them over the fourth part of the Earth to kill with sword, and with hunger, and with pestilence, and with the beasts of the earth. — And when he had opened the fifth seal, I saw under the altar the souls of them that were slain for the word of God, and for the testimony which they held: and white robes were given unto every one of them; and it was said unto them, that they should rest yet for a little season, until their fellow servants also, and their brethren, that should be killed as they were should be fulfilled. And I beheld when he

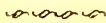
had opened the fixth seal, the stars of Heaven fell unto the Earth, even as a fig tree casteth her untimely figs when she is shaken of a mighty wind : And the Kings of the earth, and the great men, and the rich men, and the chief captains, &c.

LINE 335.

The French Revolution.

LINE 343.

And there came one of the seven Angels which had the seven vials and talked with me, saying unto me, come hither ! I will shew unto thee the judgment of the great Whore, that sitteth upon many waters : with whom the Kings of the earth have committed fornication, &c. Revelation of St. John the Divine, chapter the seventeenth.





## N O T E S.



Note 1 — Page 37.

LÆE BOO, the son of ABBA THULE, Prince of the Pelew Islands came over to England with Captain Wilfon, died of the small-pox, and is buried in Greenwich Church-yard. See Keate's Account.

Note 2. — Page 37.

And suffering Nature weeps that *one* should die.

Southey's Retrospect.

Page 46.

*Yet never, BURKE! thou drank'st Corruption's bowl!*

When I composed this line, I had not read the following paragraph in the Cambridge Intelligencer (of Saturday, November 21, 1795.)

*"When Mr. Burke first crossed over the House of Commons from the Opposition to the Ministry, he*

For his advantage still did wake and sleep,  
To make the weeper laugh, the laugher weep :  
He had the dialect and different skill,  
Catching all passions in his craft of will :  
That he did in the general bosom reign  
Of young and old.

Note 4. — Page 52.

When *Kosciusko* was observed to fall, the Polish ranks set up a shriek.

Note 5. — Page 62.

This little Poem was written when the Author was a boy.

Note 6. — Page 65.

One night in Winter, on leaving a College-friend's room, with whom I had supped, I carelessly took away with me "The Robbers" a drama, the very name of which I had never before heard of :—

A Winter midnight — the wind high — and “The Robbers” for the first time! — The readers of SCHILLER will conceive what I felt. SCHILLER introduces no supernatural beings; yet his human beings agitate and astonish more than all the *goblin* rout --- even of Shakespeare.

Note 7. — Page

“ Effinxit quondam blandum meditata laborem

Basia lascivâ Cypria Diva manâ.

Ambrosiæ succos occultâ temperat arte,

Fragransque infuso nectare tingit opus.

Sufficit et partem mellis, quod subdolus olim

Non impune favis furripuisset Amor.

Decussos violæ foliis admiscet odores

Et spolia æstivis plurima rapta rosis.

Addit et illecebras et mille et mille lepores,

Et quot Acidalius guadia Cestus habet.”

Ex his composuit Dea basia; et omnia libans

Invenias nitidæ sparfa per ora Cloës.

Carm. Quad. vol. II.

Note 8. — Page 84.

The flower hangs its head waving at times to the gale. Why dost thou awake me, O Gale! it seems to say, I am covered with the drops of Heaven. The time of my fading is near, the blast that shall scatter my leaves. To-morrow shall the traveller come, he that saw me in my beauty shall come. His eyes will search the field, they will not find me. So shall they search in vain for the voice of Cona, after it has failed in the field. ——— BERRATHON, see Ossian's Poems, vol. 2.

Note 9. — Page 86.

How long will ye roll around me, blue-tumbling waters of ocean? My dwelling was not always in caves, nor beneath the whistling tree. My feast was

spread in Torthoma's Hall. The youths beheld me in my loveliness. They blessed the dark-haired Nina-thomà. ——— BERRATHON.

Note 10. ——— Page 99.

L'athée n'est point à mes yeux un faux esprit ; je puis vivre avec lui aussi bien et mieux qu'avec le dévot, car il raisonne davantage, mais il lui manque un sens, et mon ame ne se fond point entièrement avec la sienne : il est froid au spectacle le plus ravissant, et il cherche un syllogisme lorsque je rends une action de grace.

“ Appel à l'impartiale postérité, par la Citoyenne Roland,” troisième partie, p. 67.

Page 105.

*O (have I sigh'd) were mine the Wizard's rod !*

I entreat the Public's pardon for having carelessly suffered to be printed such intolerable stuff as this

and the thirteen following lines. They have not the merit even of originality : as every thought is to be found in the Greek Epigrams. \* The lines in this poem from the 27th to the 36th, I have been told are a palpable imitation of the passage from the 355th to the 370th line of the Pleasures of Memory part 3. I do not perceive so striking a similarity between the two passages ; at all events, I had written the Effusion several years before I had seen Mr. Rogers' Poem. — It may be proper to remark that the tale of Florio in "the Pleasures of Memory" is to be found in Lochleven a Poem of great merit by Michael Bruce. — In Mr. Rogers' Poem the names are FLORIO and JULIA ; in the Lochleven Lomond and Levina --- and this is all the difference. We seize the opportunity of transcribing from the Lochleven of Bruce the following exquisite passage,

\* See an elaborate recantation of this charge in the 2<sup>d</sup> edition p. 244  
2<sup>d</sup>

expressing the effects of a fine day on the human heart.

Fat on the plain and mountain's funny side  
Large droves of oxen and the fleecy flocks  
Feed undisturbed, and fill the echoing air  
With Music grateful to their Master's ear.  
The Traveller stops and gazes round and round  
O'er all the plains that animate his heart  
With Mirth and Music. Even the mendicant  
Bow-bent with age, that on the old gray stone  
Sole-fitting suns him in the public way,  
Feels his heart leap, and to himself he sings.

Note 11. — Page 111.

The expression "green radiance" is borrowed from Mr. WORDSWORTH, a Poet whose versification is occasionally harsh and his diction too frequently obscure: but whom I deem unrivalled among the

writers of the present day in manly sentiment, novel imagery, and vivid colouring.

Note 13. — Page 118.

LIGHT *from plants*. In Sweden a very curious phenomenon has been observed on certain flowers by M. Haggern, lecturer in natural history. One evening he perceived a faint flash of light repeatedly dart from a marigold. Surprized at such an uncommon appearance, he resolved to examine it with attention; and, to be assured it was no deception of the eye, he placed a man near him, with orders to make a signal at the moment when he observed the light. They both saw it constantly at the same moment.

The light was most brilliant on marigolds of an orange or flame colour; but scarcely visible on pale ones.

The flash was frequently seen on the same flower two or three times in quick succession ; but more commonly at intervals of several minutes : and when several flowers in the same place emitted their light together, it could be observed at a considerable distance.

This phenomenon was remarked in the months of July and August at sun-set, and for half an hour, when the atmosphere was clear ; but after a rainy day, or when the air was loaded with vapours nothing of it was seen.

The following flowers emitted flashes, more or less vivid, in this order :

1. The marigold, *galendula officinalis*.
2. Monk's-hood, *tropæolum majus*.
3. The orange-lily, *lilium bulbiferum*.
4. The Indian pink, *tagetes patula* & *erecta*.

From the rapidity of the flash, and other circumstances, it may be conjectured that there is something of electricity in this phenomenon.



*F I N I S.*

## ERRATA.



Page 22. For froths read *froth*, and omit the comma at waves.

Page 24. For obedience read *obeisance*.

Page 74. For Like snowdrop opening to the solar ray read *As night-clos'd Flowret to the orient ray*.

Page 124. For Antic huge read *antic small*.

Page 126. Divide the third from the second Stanza.

Page 127. For the semicolon after at your will ; put a comma.

Page 128. For Frst read *First*.

Ditto. For tempest honor'd read *tempest-honor'd*.

Page 100

London, 18th June 1841

My dear Sir,

I have the pleasure to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 14th inst.

in relation to the matter of the

and in reply to inform you that the same has been forwarded to the proper authorities for their consideration.

I am, Sir, very respectfully,  
Your obedient servant,

J. H. [Signature]

Enclosed find a copy of the report of the Committee on the subject of the

and I am, Sir, very respectfully,  
Your obedient servant,

*Published by the same Author.*



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